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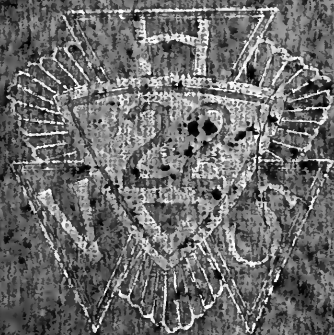
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Valparaiso High School (Ind.

The Valenian

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The Halenian



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The VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

The Halenian

SIXTH ISSUE



PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO
DALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL
DALPARAISO, INDIANA

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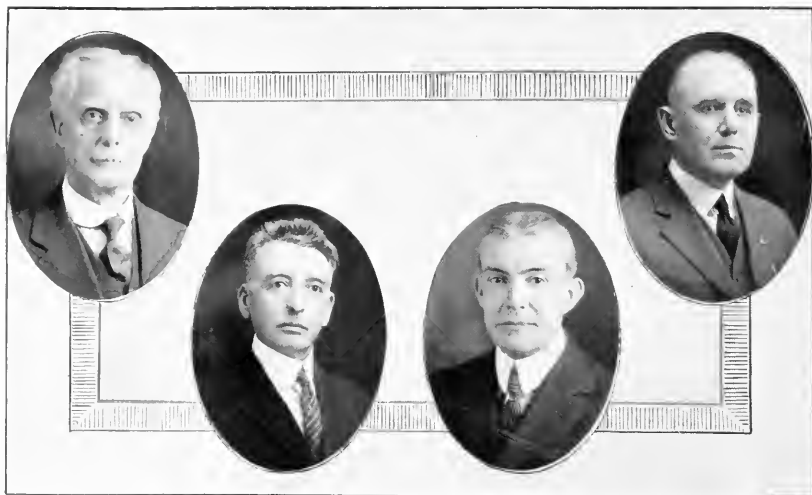
¶To Professor C. O. Pauley in appreciation of his untiring devotion to our interests during the two years that he has been our supervisor, we, the Class of 1922, fondly and respectfully dedicate our Valenian.



Foreword

THE object of this year book is not merely to picture school life as it is in Valparaiso High School, nor to eulogize each member of the Class of 1922. Neither is its aim solely to record pleasant memories for those who have been so fortunate as to gain knowledge here. Its purpose is also to inspire the graduates of future years as well as ourselves to nobler work by giving a bit of what has been attained by graduates of former years who have gained power within the walls of this, our own dear V. H. S.

THE STAFF.



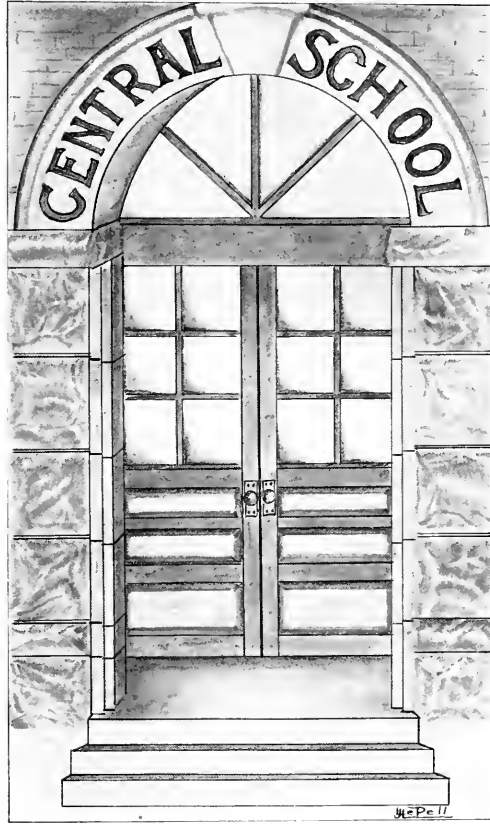
The Board of Education

C. W. BOUCHER, *Superintendent*

H. R. BALL, *Treasurer*

M. J. DRAPIER, *Secretary*

E. L. LOOMIS, *President*



The Faculty



To the Class of 1922

It is with the same sincere solicitude which I have borne you during our associations in school that I shall follow you in your pilgrimages far and near, and because of that solicitude which I feel for your welfare, I present you with these counsels, trusting that in your moments of greatest sobriety you may meditate upon them.

All of you are soon to leave the protection of the parental roof to embark upon ventures of your own. Do not completely sever the home relations. Always remember and follow the counsels of your fathers and mothers. Your parents have thus far been your morning and evening stars and still when the light is dim and the way obscure they will point the way.

Beware of "get-rich-quick" propositions and do not become intoxicated with the lure of gold. Remember that much of one's compensation lies in the consciousness of a task well done and having performed a real service to man.

Seek those forms of amusement that are cultural and follow none to excess, for excessive pleasure is pain.

Do not procrastinate, be industrious, for the world has need of willing workers. Do not be parasites, be producers.

Be optimistic, be good sports, cultivate a cheerful smile and a hearty handclasp; be democratic, be slow to condemn, be true Americans.

Stop for a breathing spell occasionally and before attempting a dangerous crossing, look and listen.

Take frequent inventories of yourselves and discard all worthless stocks on hand.

Cultivate true friendships and you yourselves be a friend to man.

H. M. JESSEE, Principal.

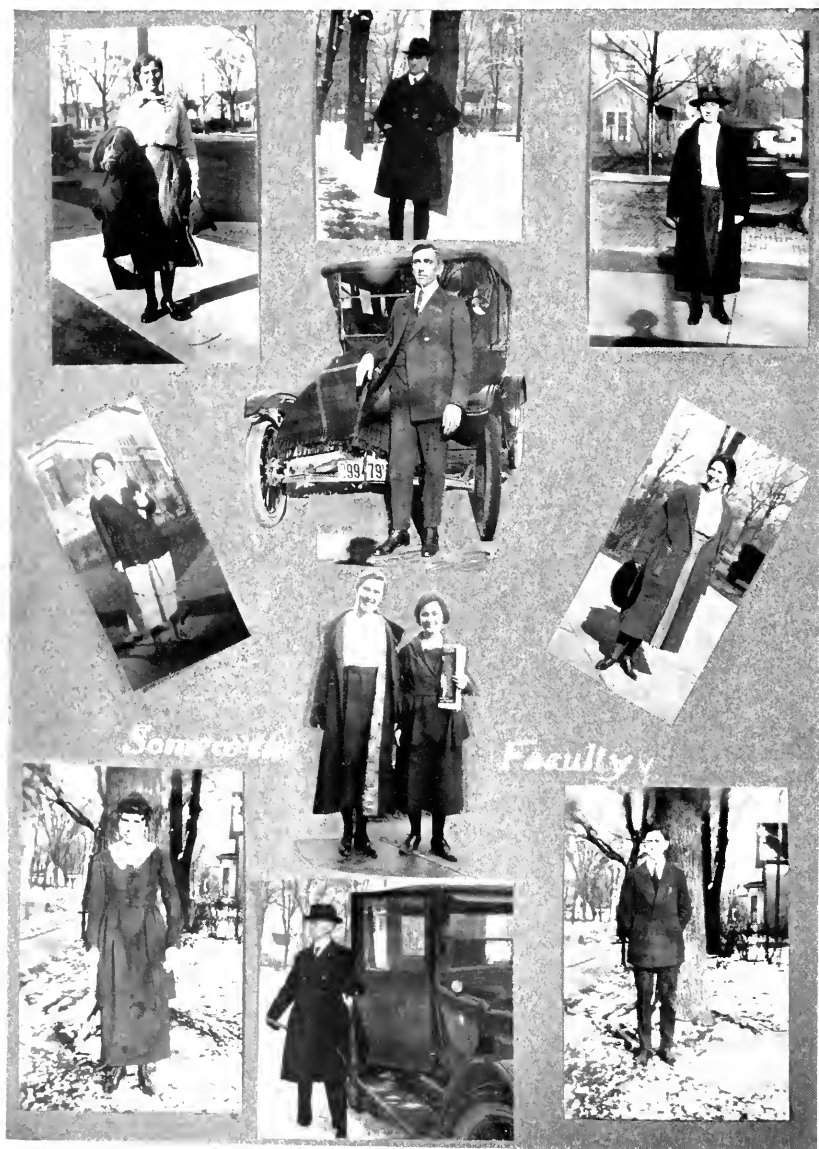




Personnel of the V. H. S. Faculty

H. M. JESSEE, Principal
Mathematics
 State Normal, Valparaiso

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| (1) OLIE WELTY
<i>Latin</i>
Valparaiso, Chicago | (2) C. W. BOUCHER, Supt.
<i>Geometry</i>
National Normal, Valparaiso | (3) MINNIE C. MCINTYRE
<i>History</i>
Chicago |
| (4) RUTH M. ADDOMS
<i>Science</i>
Wellesley | (5) MADELINE ASHTON
<i>English and French</i>
Nebraska, Smith | (6) J. L. NEWTON
<i>Commercial</i>
Central Normal |
| (7) MARTHA BOUCHER
Clerk | (8) RALPH E. SCHENCK
<i>Manual Arts</i>
State Normal, Valparaiso | (9) GLADYS STANFORD
<i>English and Mathematics</i>
Indiana |
| (10) ONITA W. THOMAS
<i>English and Latin</i>
State Teachers' College of
Missouri, Chicago | (11) VERA L. SEIB
<i>English and History</i>
Wisconsin | (12) VIDA MANNON
<i>Music</i>
New England Conservatory
Metropolitan School of
Music |
| (13) CLARE MCGILLICUDDY
<i>Mathematics and Latin</i>
Valparaiso, Columbia | (14) CLAUDE O. PAULEY
<i>Science</i>
State Normal, Indiana
Chicago | (15) HELEN M. BENNEY
<i>English</i>
Chicago |
| (16) MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW
<i>Domestic Economy</i>
Valparaiso, DePauw
Columbia | (17) BONNIE V. UNGER
<i>Typewriting</i>
Tri-State | (18) HAZEL LIFE
<i>Domestic Economy</i>
Indiana, Muncie Normal |





Seniors



EDWARD ("F.D.") BILLINGS

Latin

Pres. 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Orchestra 4;
Vaudeville 4; Prom Comm.; Jr. Play;
Oratorical Contest; V. P. Music Club
4; Senior Play.

Oration—"Radium"

*Before you our president lies,
Manufacturer of Eskimo Pies,
He's terribly neat
And on Dot is quite sweet,
Just gaze on those big goggle eyes.*

MARIANN ALBRIGHT

Academic

Prom. Committee; Oratorical Contest

Oration—"Negro Question"

*Mariann's a young lass from the city
Whose speeches always are witty,
Her name is Albright—
Charles thinks she's all right,
"Oratory's her forte" ends my dittie.*

AUTUMN ("AUTIE") BARTHOLOMEW

Academic

Society Valenian; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Vaudeville 4; Vaudeville Comm.;
Prom Comm.; V. P. Music Club 3;
Senior Play.

Oration—"Sand Dunes"

*If you should see Autumn B.
Smiling so sweetly at thee,
You would know she's good,
You'd get her if you could,
This dainty young lass, Autumn B.*

FRED ("SLIM") CHRISTY

Latin

Snapshot and Ass't Art Valenian; Glee
Club 3; Vaudeville 4; Prom. Comm.

Oration—"Athletics"

*Fred is one of our artists,
And in lessons is said to be smartest,
He can beat the old drum,
With good time does he strum,
And at dances his feet are the lightest.*



CHARLES ("CHUCK") COVER
Academic
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3,
4; A. A. Pres. 4.
Oration—"Education."

*In paying a tribute to Chuck,
I can say that without his pluck,
In basketball
And the music hall,
We'd have been really out of luck.*

CATHERINE ("KATE") DARST
Academic
Oration—"Conservation of Indiana's
Natural Resources."

*Here's Catherine the girl we all like,
She's pleasant and works with her
might,
She's kindhearted, too,
And a girl that's true blue,
And whatever she does is just right.*

RUTH BENJAMIN
Commercial
Oration—"An Ideal American"

*This girl came from old Illinois—
Comradeship with this class to enjoy,
Though perhaps she is small,
We don't mind that at all,
Her brains we're so glad to employ.*

ISADORE ("IZZIE") SIMON
Latin
Athletics Valenian; Basketball 3, 4;
Prom Comm.; Oratorical Contest.
Oration—"The Honor Systems in
Prisons."

*There remains our boy named Isadore,
Who shines as a future orator,
On Monday, 'tis true,
He never is blue,
Here's off with our hats to Isadore.*



HOWARD ("HOD") OLDHAM
Academic
Glee Club 3, 4; Vaudeville 4; Picnic;
Reception Comm. Oration—"Avia-
tion, Commercial and Practical."

GERTRUDE ("IRISH") CAVANAUGH
Academic
Oratorical Contest; Senior Play.
Oration—"Democracy"

DOROTHY ("DOT") DODGE
Latin
Sec.-Treas. 2; Pres. 3; Editor-in-Chief
Valenian; Glee Club 2, 3; Orchestra 2,
3; Boomerang Reporter; Cheer Leader
1, 2, 4; Vaudeville 4; Financial Comm.
A. A. 4; Oratorical Contest; Senior
Play. Oration—"The Virtues of Mu-
sic."

PAUL ("LOP") ELLIS
Academic
Ass't. Editor Valenian; Basketball 3,
4; Glee Club 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4;
Business Manager Boomerang,
Vaudeville 4; Prom Comm.; Financial
Comm. A. A. 4; Jr. Play; Oratorical
Contest. Oration—"Nitrogen, Pre-
server and Destroyer of Life."

*Howard is the lad from the park,
His voice chimes with that of a lark,
He may be "Old Ham"
But he'll make a great man,
In science we'll find his mark.*

*Gertrude, when she came to this town,
Won for herself much renown,
Did she open our eyes?
Is she mighty and wise?
Why man, she's deserving of a crown.*

*Dottie Dodge it often has been said,
Has light auburn hair on her head,
She's the brains of this book,
But she'll say we're mistook,
If we don't give some credit to Ed.*

*A bright young fellow is Ellis,
Whose orchestra often does thrill us,
His bass voice is sublime,
With Mid's pleasant rime,
A jolly young fellow is Ellis.*



DORIS ("DORRIE") HODGES
Latin
Picnic Comm.; Jr. Play.
Oration—"Japanese in America."

*Here is a young lady named Doris,
Her sweet face is often before us,
Her smile quite supreme,
May lead someone to dream
Of Class '22's only Doris.*

LYAL ("CHICK") KUEHL
French
Jr. Play; Reception.
Oration—"The Independence of the
Philippines."

*Listen now to the praises of Lyal,
Who greets every one with a smile,
On a dark day or bright
Her face is a light,
Let us all emulate Lyal.*

NELLIE ("SIS") LOOMIS
Latin
Drama Valenian; Glee Club 3; Prom
Comm.
Oration—"The Southern Menace."

*Nellie's smile is delicious
In studies she's very ambitious,
Her forte is committees
Like those in the cities,
She's sociable, friendly, and gracious.*

BURDETTE ("TAD") TATLOCK
Academic
Jr. Play; Senior Play.
Oration—"Japanese Question."

*We know a young man named Bur-
dette,
Who is fond of the ladies—not yet,
He'll laugh and he'll joke,
But he won't be a goat,
Because he won't rush into debt.*



MILDRED ("RED") PEREGRINE
Commercial
Oration—"Americanization of the
Immigrant."

*Now here is a girl who's named Mil-
dred,
Not so far away from her childhood,
She's not been here long,
And as she is strong—
Her two years with us haven't spoiled
her.*

ANNETTE ("KETCH") KETCHUM
Latin
Oration—"China's Future."

*Annette is a very nice girl,
On ice skates she doth fairly whirl,
She draws clever faces,
Swims through deep places,
Never bothers her hair to curl.*

RUTH ("RUFUS") NEFF
Academic
History Valenian; Vaudeville Comm.;
Rules and Regulations Comm. A. A. 4.
Oration—"Our National Highways."

*Ruth Neff is a girl of ability,
Who recites with much of tranquility;
She works in a store,
And what is much more,
She proves her worth with stability.*



JOSEPH ("JOE") MURVIHILL
Academic
Football 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Vaudeville 4; Vaudeville Comm. 4.
Oration—"Radio."

CONSTANCE ("CONNIE") PARKER
Academic
Glee Club 3; Will Valenian; Vaudeville 4; Prom Comm.; Yells Comm.; A. A. 1, 2.

Oration—"New Faces"

EMILY ("MIKE") MARINE
Academic
Treasurer 1; Alumni Valenian; Glee Club 2, 3; Vaudeville Comm.; Prom Comm.; Oratorical Contest; Senior Play.

Oration—"And Who Knoweth Whether Thou Art Come to the Kingdom for Such a Time as This."

GLENN ("WELT") MITZNER
Academic
Secretary-Treasurer 3, 4; Business Mgr. Valenian; Vaudeville 4; Vaudeville Com. 4; Jr. Play.
Oration—"The Meaning of America."

*Joseph, the boy from Cook's Corners,
Has shown his vim with mile runners,
Though two links behind,
He had it in mind,
To come in with the crowd of fore-runners.*

*Connie Parker's a friend of us all,
And for her the young men always fall,
In act number two,
Of the Senior Revue,
She mistook for a nut our friend Paul.*

*Emily's the girl with the smile,
Whose recitations are always worth while,
She's an actress too,
Oh what can't she do,
This girl with the classy style?*

*Glenn, the most studious in the hall,
He never turns down any call,
Eternally right,
With auburn hair bright,
His marcel is the envy of all.*



DANIEL ("DAN") ERWIN
Latin
Calendar Valenian; Boomerang Re-
porter; Jr. Play; Senior Play.
Oration—"World Disarmament and
Master Key Industry."

*This Senior boy who's named Dan,
Is a very congenial young man,
Yells, "Right this way
For your Punch, Matinee."
And calendars he can keep, can Dan.*

FRANCES ("TUTS") HARTMAN
Commercial
Oration—"The Value of An Educa-
tion."

*Frances Hartman I've often heard
told,
Has a temper of the purest gold,
With a sweet little smile
That is there all the while,
She can melt any heart that is cold.*

DOROTHY DEE
Latin
Glee Club 1, 2, 3.
Oration—"Immigration in America."

*Oh, where is a girl, can you tell us
Who in her work is more zealous?
She can ever be heard,
To sing like a bird
And her voice would make her class-
mates jealous.*

MILDRED ("MID") KULL
Commercial
Glee Club 2; Vaudeville 4; Jr. Picnic.
Oration—"The Japanese in
California."

*She smiles down the aisle does Mildred,
She's a girl that gloom ever will dread,
She selects Senior rings,
She dances and sings,
Bobbed hair—pretty clothes—that's
Mildred.*



LORING ("PETE") LEPELL
Latin

Art Valenian; Football 3, 4; Vaudeville 4; Prom Comm.; Rules Comm.
A. A. 3.

Oration—"Aircraft."

*Sh— list ye of Loring LePell,
He is straight on the road to—cell,
Although he can drace,
If he don't mind his paw,
There'll be a sad story to tell.*

MARGARETTA ("SHINY") SHINABARGER
Academic

Vaudeville Comm. 4; Prom Comm.;
Oratorical Contest.

Oration—"Americanism"

*"Shiny," -----dainty and sweet,
Oh, how she can typewrite and book-
keep,
And at Brenner's they say
She carries a tray,
And serves us with good things to eat.*

FRANCES ("KULP") KULP
Latin

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Reception Comm.

Oration—"Negro Question."

*Oh, but Frances sure is smart,
In Physics they say she's a shark,
She will help anyone,
And she's lots of fun,
And that's why she hits the mark.*

MABEL ("BILLIE") SHOLES
Commercial

Glee Club 3, 4; Reception Comm.

Oration—"Women of the War."

*Mabel's the name of this girl,
Her hair is always in curl,
She is quite petite,
Her smile is so sweet,
She sure is not "food for a squirrel."*



RUTH ("RUM") MONTGOMERY
Academic
Vice-Pres. 4; Vaudeville Comm. 4;
Prom Comm.
Oration—"Sand Dunes."

*Ruth Montgomery, the lady so fair,
Has a sweet and a charming air,
'Tis her smile they all say,
That draws Herbert her way,
And her friendship we all wish to
share.*

DOROTHY ("DIXIE") TODD
Latin
Glee Club 3; Vaudeville 3, 4; Prom
Comm.; Senior Play.
Oration—"America and Her People."

*There is a young lady named Todd,
Who on roller skates looked very odd,
In the play she was Cora,
And rivaled Aurora,
This charming young lady named
Todd.*

FRANCES ("TILTON") TILTON
Commercial
Prom Comm.; Oratorical Contest.
Oration—"Strife Between Labor and
Capital."

*There's hardly a girl like Frances.
A charming and beautiful miss,
Quite democratic
Never fanatic;
She'll be somebody's bliss.*

RONALD ("RONNIE") STONER
Latin
Glee Club 4; Vaudeville 4; Prom
Comm.; Jr. Play; Oratorical Contest;
Senior Play.
Oration—"Disarmament and Common
Sense."

*Ronald Stoner's at home anywhere,
And his voice will raise any one's hair,
As a dude on the stage
He sure was the rage,
And his speech won the gold piece fair.*



BLANCHE WININGER
Commercial
Oration—"Compulsory Military
Training."

*A peppy young lady named Blanche,
Who lives on a regular ranch,
At a classroom joke,
She'll nearly choke,
Whispering's her particular branch.*

ELIZABETH ("Liz") WYMAN
Academic
Glee Club 1, 2.
Oration—"Our Most Widely Loved
Poet, Henry W. Longfellow."

*This girl called Elizabeth Wyman,
Has a voice so sweet its enchants one,
She sings in the choir,
And all doth inspire
Does our songster, Elizabeth Wyman.*

MARY SANFORD
Academic
Music Valenian; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Prom Comm.; Sec.-Treas. A. A. 4.
Oration—"Charity."

*Mary Sanford's an obliging blonde,
Of whom her classmates are fond,
She's a good student,
But finds it prudent,
To let others to questions respond.*

RANDALL ("Dick") SHEPPARD
Science
Jr. Play.
Oration—"Feeding the Soil."

*Oh Dick Sheppard is quite a young lad,
In science he's surely not bad,
His broad winning smile,
All the girls doth beguile,
And he never's been known to look
sad.*



LUCILLE ("SHORTY") WHEELER
Academic
Oration—"Where East Is West."

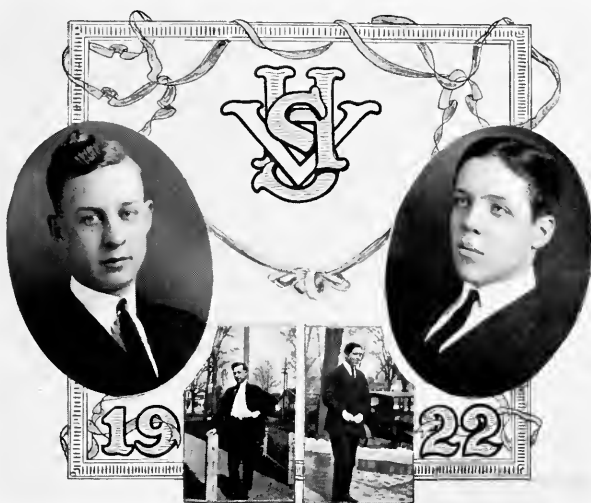
*Here's a toast to Lucille
May success her work seal,
Never a shirk
At play or at work.
A right honest soul we all feel.*

DOROTHY ("DORT") WARK
Latin
Vaudeville Comm.; Prom Comm.
Oration—"Our National Parks."

*Dorothy Wark is a sweet little thing,
Whom we will all miss in the spring.
Her crocod's J. U. G.
And you plainly can see,
Why praises to her I do sing.*

RUSSELL ("RUSS") NIXON
Academic
Vice-Pres. 2, 3; Burlesque Valenian;
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Boomerang Editor;
Vaudeville 2, 3, 4; Director Vaudeville 4;
Prom Comm.; Financial Comm. A. A. 4;
Music Club Sec.-Treas. 4; Senior Play.
Oration—"Making Chicago a Seaport."

*There is a young man named Russell,
Who never is known to hustle,
At school he does fine,
And at dances does shine,
Because of his "Saxonix" muscle.*

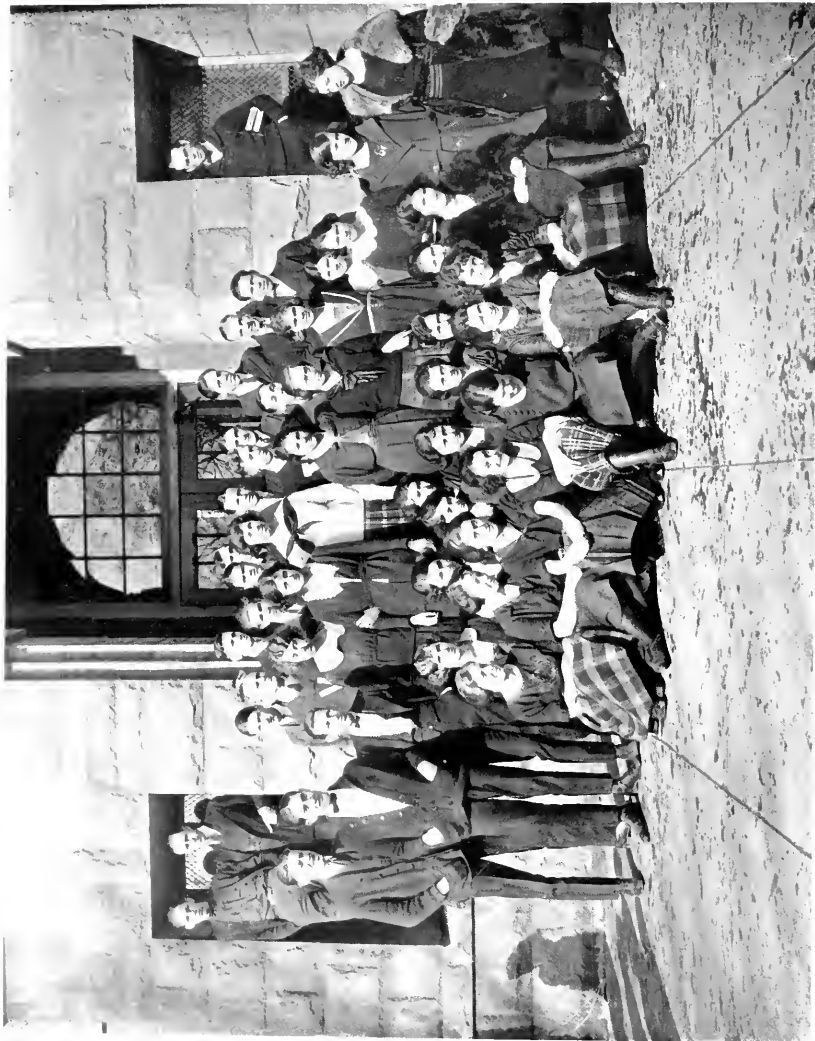


ARTHUR ("ART") MAINS
 Pres. 1, 2; Orchestra 1, 2; Glee Club
 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2; W. Waterloo
 H. S. 3.

Oration—"University of Hard
 Knocks."

*Again we have with us Art Mains,
 He is noted for taking great pains,
 But the worst pain of all
 He gave up basketball,
 But his well known smile still remains.*





CLASS OF 1922

Annals of '22

"I THINK our class is the best Senior class ever, Mother," said Dot Jr., coming in from school.

"I guess that's what we all think, dear," answered Mother. "I know I did."

"Oh, tell about your Senior class, Mother," cried Dot. "I'd just love to hear about it."

"Oh, I'd rather hear about your Junior class, Mother," put in Fred. "I'm more interested in that class at present."

"And don't forget to tell about your Freshman class, Mother," added Connie, the youngest of the family.

"Come, sit down here by the fire, and I'll tell you about my class from the time we entered 'dear old V. H. S.' September 5, 1918, till we graduated May 25, 1922," said Mother.

"Upon entering the high school that September morning, we found things much as we had heard they would be, only perhaps a little worse. There were many marks by which the Freshmen could be distinguished from the upper classmen; the frightened looks on their faces, their seeming embarrassment when spoken to by other students or a teacher, and the fact that the other classmen kept running around to the class-rooms seeing teachers, making out their programs and looking up credits, while we Freshmen sat shyly in the seats assigned us, smiling wanly at one of our own number whenever we happened to catch his eye. Then lessons were assigned for the following day, and it seemed to me that every teacher added to the assignment, 'Read the Introduction and Preface of the Text.' Well, after being introduced to our work, I feel sure we carried it through very successfully. During that year members of our class took part in "The Little Tycoon," an operetta, one of the first of this kind of entertainments to be given in Valparaiso by the high school students. By way of social functions, we had a class party in the winter and a picnic in the spring at Flint Lake, a short distance from Valpo. Also, twelve girls from our class were flower-girls at Commencement."

"I think that's a fine start for a class, Mother," said Connie. "If at the end of this year our class has as much to its credit, I'll feel satisfied."

"During our second year at V. H. S.," resumed Mother, "we made slight changes in our programs, according to State regulations, but pursued much the same work we had selected the previous year. In organizing our class, this year, we re-elected Arthur Mains, president, whom, I neglected to mention, was our class president the year before, and who manipulated our affairs very successfully during both years. In that year of our high school career we lived up to the standards of a Sophomore class, in general, because quite sophisticated. We added to our popularity by presenting each member of the basketball team with a box of candy, in appreciation of the superior work they had done. Our social functions this year took the same form as those of the previous, a party and a picnic."

"When we were Juniors it was our duty and privilege to entertain the Senior class of 1921. We started at the beginning of the year to center all our ability—financial, mental and physical—on this one piece of work. First we put on the Prom, one of the most successful that had ever been put on, so Mr. Jessee said. The Junior-Senior picnic also proved a great success. I can taste those "eats" yet. But of course we did not neglect our school work for all these social functions, but kept up the standard established when we were Freshmen.

"But the most wonderful year of all, or so it seemed to me, was our Senior year. We quickly organized our class to begin the work that we knew lay ahead of us. We chose Ed Billings for our class president with Ruth Montgomery as vice, and Glenn Mitzner as secretary-treasurer. We parted from the ordinary Senior routine by wearing gray and blue skull caps with the numeral '22 on them to distinguish us from the rest of the classmen. But I readily believe we 'capped the climax' when we put on Matinee Dances, Friday evenings after school. Anything along this line had not been done by preceding classes, and these made us very popular, to say the least. Then of course came graduation with its baccalaureate address, commencement, and reception to the class of 1922. With the last of these we said 'Au revoir' to V. H. S., and joined with the rest of the Alumni in the annual banquet."

* * *

CLASS OF '22

It's your class and my class,
And may it ever be
In your heart and my heart
A world of memory.

In this land, in other lands,
Our footsteps we may guide,
But of your class and my class
We'll always think with pride.

It's your school and my school,
It surely is no guess,
That you love and I love
Our dear old V. H. S.

To your class and my class
We ever will be true,
And you'll drink and I'll drink
To the class of '22.

EMILY MARINE.

* * *

RAINDROPS

Hear the spatter of the rain drops
Never ceasing on the roof,
Like the clatter, clatter, clatter
Of some steady horses hoof.
And the minds of all grow dreamy
Thinking of those bygone days,
Seeing lines of ancient attic,
Wishing for those childhood ways.
There it is that peaceful slumber
Comes to us without delay;
Then it is to such a spatter
That we sleep on through the day.

EMILY MARINE.



The Underclasses



THE CLASS OF 1923

The Juniors

OFFICERS

ERNEST LEMBKE, President
ERNEST HIGLEY, Vice-President
WILMA MAXWELL, Secretary-Treasurer
PRIN. H. M. JESSEE, Supervisor

MEMBERS

Albright, George	Glover, Howard	Pierce, Dorothy
Blaese, Arnold	Gruenert, Carl	Rathjen, Virginia
Blaese, William	Gustafson, Helen	Richards, Edith
Bornholt, Bruce	Hernance, Edna	Riddle, Charles
Bowman, Jessee	Hershman, Ruth	Roach, Eva
Brenner, Ralph	Higley, Earnest	Seymour DeForest
Burk, Gerald	Horner, Almira	Simon, Samuel
Bush, Gladys	Keene, Glenn	Stevenson, Paul
Butterfield, Clarence	Keene, Lynn	Stoner, Mary
Card, Jessee	Kruse, Eva	Timmons, Margaret
Corson, Delphine	Kuchl, Luella	Trahan, Cecelia
Crossland, Ruth	Larson, Kenneth	Van Arsdel, Ruth
Dayton, Dorothy	Leasure, Harold	Vosburg, Edna
Dowdell, Merle	Ludington, Alice	Vevia, Ella May
Duncan, Frank	Maxwell, Wilma	Wallace, Richard
Ely, Clarissa	McMillan, Thelma	White, Geneva
Fabing, Alice	Mitchel, Dickey	Worstel, Vivian
Field, Harry	Mitchel, Herbert	Wright, Byron
Field, Irene	Muster, Alberta	Wulff, Charlotte
Fisher, Paul	Myers, Esther	Zeller, Eleanor
Frame, Irene	O'Connell, Edward	Price, Dorothy
	Parker, Alice	



THE CLASS OF 1924

The Sophomores

OFFICERS

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HERBERT DOUGLAS, Vice-President
MARJORIE TOUSLEY, Secretary-Treasurer
MISS LIFE, Supervisor

MEMBERS

Aylsworth, Howard	Gast, Helen	Ridenbaugh, William
Alpin, Katherine	Grieder, Avid	Sievers, Harold
Burns, Earl	Gaston, Leslie	Seymoure, Russel
Beyer, Marguerite	Hall, Frederick	Shinebarger, Laura
Bell, Marion	Hisgen, Phylis	Schrag, Ethel
Burnhart, Earl	Leetz, Miladi	Sherrick, Zelma
Campbell, Ida	Lish, Merton	Stoner, Richard
Corboy, Philip	Lytle, Caroline	Seywondeck, Bena
Dayton, Alice	Lamprecht, Elizabeth	Turner, Kenneth
Dye, Guilford	Mitchel, Ruth	Wheeler, Martin
Dee, Margaret	Marshal, Mildred	Worstel, Avis
Eschel, Howard	Murvihill, Ann	Willing, Myrtle
Foster, Isabel	McCallum, Woodburn	Zerber, Wayne
	Marquadt, Louis	
	Pulver, Harold	



THE CLASS OF 1925

The Freshmen

OFFICERS

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 NATHAN WORSTELL, Vice-President
 VIRGINIA KIRKPATRICK, Secretary-Treasurer
 MISS ASHTON, Supervisor

MEMBERS

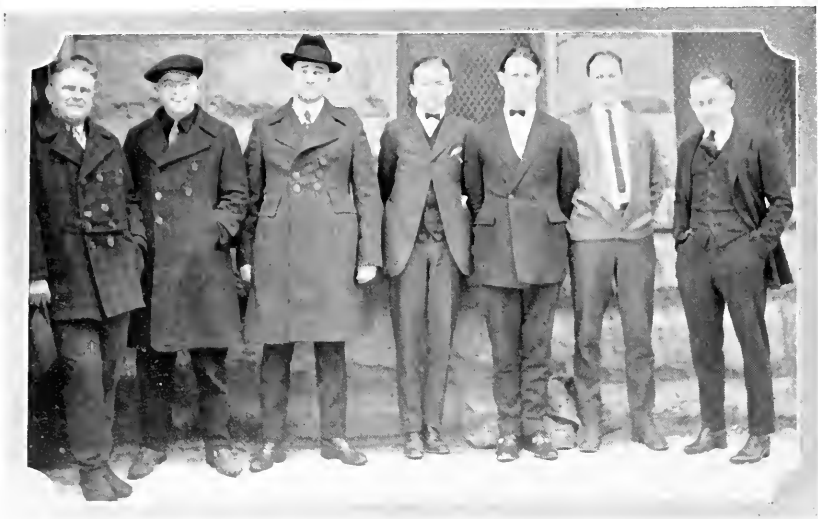
Algrem, Bernice	Hamman, Carolyne	Noble, Verna
Bassow, Laurette	Higley, Richard	Parker, Anita
Benjamin, Ethel	Hieley, Carrol	Pennington, Erma
Bevington, Kenneth	Hernance, Lyode	Phillely, Katherine
Bearse, Carlton	Hildreth, Harry	Praditt, Charles
Bell, Jean	Hodges, Helen	Pittwood, Ella
Billings, Mary Ellen	Henderlong, Bernard	Poncher, Henry
Bornholt, Beatrice	Horner, Alice	Radkey, Rosaline
Boule, Louise	Hull, Claire	Ruce, Mox
Bradley, Thomas	Harris, Daisy	Russel, Thelma
Brown, Allen	Harris, Ethel	Robinson, Emma
Brown, Clarence	Harris, Josephine	Sanford, Sedwick
Bundy, Richard	Haran, Selwyn	Sergent, Thomas
Bush, Judd	Jones, Helen	Shatz, Paul
Butler, Arthur	Jessie, Gertrude	Sheets, Vernal
Butterfield, Eva	Jones, Richard	Shurr, Francis
Baer, Flora	Kendall, Marie	Scurr, Harold
Bartholomew, Laura	Kemmel, Kenneth	Spindler, John
Bell, Lois	Kenney, Jerome	Spindler, Ralph
Burk, Charlotte	Klien, Joseph	Specht, Philip
Chumley, LeRoy	Kuehl, Margaret	Spencil, Julia
Christy, William	Kulp, Hazel	Spencer, Helen
Christy, Katherine	Kuns, Floyd	Stanton, Maurice
Coash, Gladys	Kuns, Lucille	Stanton, Lorraine
Collison, Thomas	Kinney, Helen	Stoner, Wayne
Comstock, Gladys	Lamprecht, Marian	St. Clair, Earl
Cowdry, Mary	Lowenstine, John	Shedd, Edith
Darst, Beatrice	Ludington, Harry	Simon, Lillian
Deardorff, Thelma	Leetz, Geneva	Stinchfield, Charles
Dowdell, Ethel	Lytle, Harry	Thacher, Millicent
Dresenburg, Ralph	Lyman, Syble	Thatcher, Rachel
Dye, Lelia	Matt, Zenita	Turn, Fanny
Dolch, Oscar	Maxwell, Gladys	Aevia, Ruth
Edelman, Katherine	McAuliffe, Walter	Wade, Leslie
Erickson, Grace	McAuliffe, Audrey	Watson, Gladys
Erler, John	McCord, Allen	Wark, Irene
Finney, John	McGinley, Helen	Waldorf, Ruth
Fisher, Virginia	McGill, Marjorie	Wise, Emma
Fisher, Roland	Miller, Wayne	White, Fred
Goodrich, Luella	Mitznier, Ruth	Wheeler, Bonnie
Haufl, Vernon	Murray, Harold	White, Wilbert
Hall, Robert	Nicholas, Ethel Mae	Zimmerman, Englebert
	Nixon, James	

CLASS OFFICERS

	VICE-PRESIDENT	PRESIDENT	SEC. TREASURER	
FRESHMEN SOPHOMORES JUNIORS SENIORS	 NATE	 LOIS MAE	 GINNY	1925
	 HERB	 FREDDIE	 MARY	1924
	 ERNIE H.	 ERNIE L.	 BILLY	1923
	 RUTH	 EDDIE	 GLENN	1922



Athletics

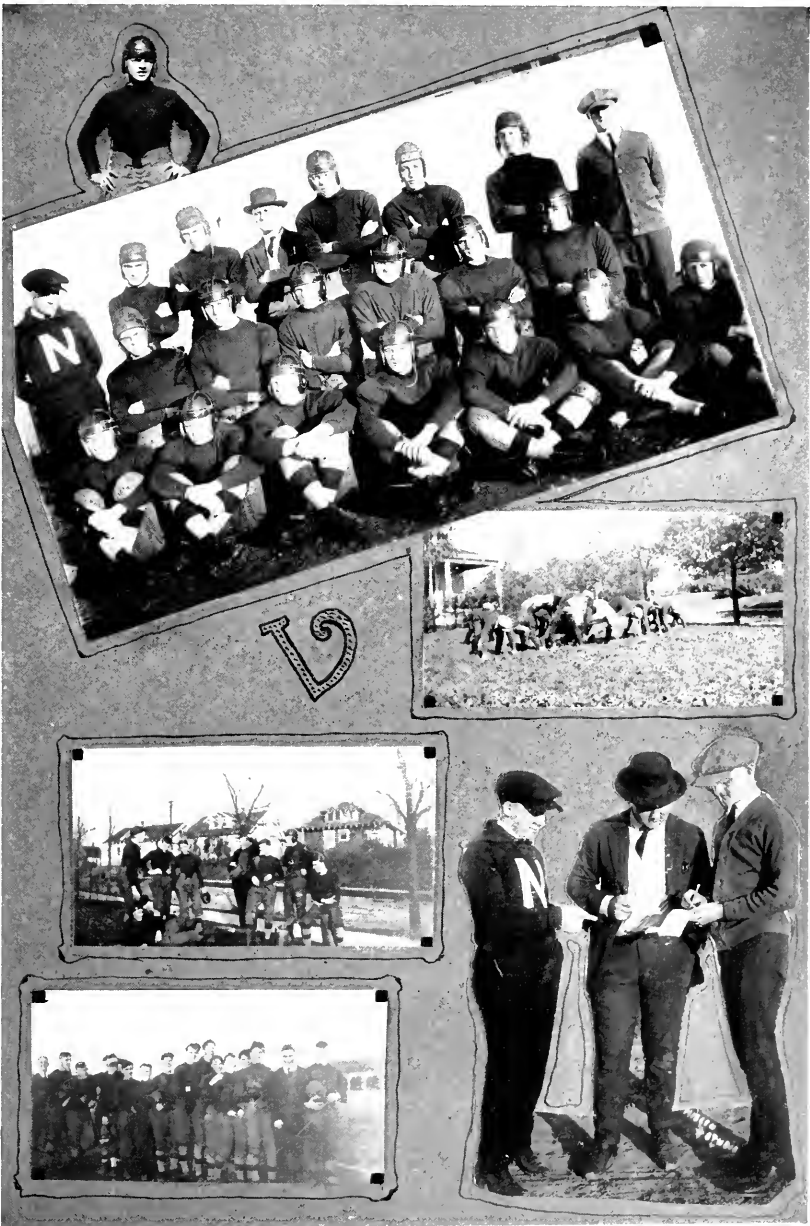


The ATHLETIC OFFICIALS

Foot Ball 1921

SOMETIME last September, someone said, "results!"; and not long afterward we found that someone to be Ralph Schenck. Starting with a green squad for the most part, Coach Schenck developed a powerful combination of huskies who threatened to sweep the state. And when we can say this in the wake of only one season's previous experience, and with scarcely twenty showing up for scrimmage, we need no imagination to consider our record good. And when we glance at the low scores, we are inclined to cast modesty aside and to declare with just pride, "some gang of huskies!" Although we did not win many games, we showed our opponents that we had a team a-rarin' to go every minute of the play.

The first game of the season was with the steel city warriors of Emerson. The game was played on a muddy, soggy field under a steady downpour of rain. Consequently many and costly were the fumbles to both teams, with Emerson having the best of the breaks. Although Valpo, moved by the sensational smashes of our sturdy line, ripped their opponent's line in shreds and raided the ends for sensational dashes in the open, yet luck was not with us nor were the mud cleats, and as a result Emerson stole a hard fought battle. Scottie, our brilliant half, and Leetz, our crack end, did not sleep for a week because they felt as the rest of us did, that somebody got something they did not deserve. Such is life!



Victory is sweet! There was no doubt about it, when Coach Schneck's gang showed up before the home crowd against former State Champions, Hammond. It was indeed a sight for sore eyes and many that were eye-sore, showed a remarkable improvement after the game had progressed for a few minutes. With the dope in their power, the crack Hammond team went down to defeat under the terrific onslaught of the Valpo phalanx. They had not figured that the Valpo warriors were determined to win that game if it was the last thing they ever did. Above all, they did not stop to think that the team was ready to do anything in the world to atone to our Coach for previous defeats. Half the university, two-thirds of the city, and all of the high school were gathered together to see a contest that promised to surpass anything previous in high school meets, and the stands at Brown field fairly shook with excited fans. They had not come for nothing. That game was a thriller from the first minute to the last. After the successful execution of a brilliant thirty-five yard pass, Gordon to LePell; Scott, Lembke, and Seymour put the oval over the last white line for the marker that proved to be Hammond's doom. Valpo rooters were in a "seventh heaven," such was their glee. From then on Hammond played like fiends, fighting to overcome the odds that were staring them in the face like Banquo's ghost; but the best they could do was to get a measly touchback.

No team could have withstood the rush of our keyed up warriors that day. Had we been playing Emerson that day she never would have reached the peak of football fame. Hammond was just naturally out of luck, and the cheers from the crowd proved it.

Michigan City, Well! Well! Well! We played the crew from the prison city all right, and their crowd to boot. We suppose, however, that Michigan City just wanted to show us how rough they make 'em over there. But by skilful diplomacy we managed to get out without an escort of grey vehicles in mourning. At any rate they didn't bluff us with their Roman tactics, as we actually scored via the drop kick route through the mysterious toes of H. Douglas. The final score was 14-3 after a stiff battle royal.

With the Michigan City game a thing of the past, the next objective was Whiting. Coach Schenck played every available athlete on the squad, but numbers didn't count that day. Everybody but the first eleven was in form that day and as a result, the pick of the oil city crew beat us 14-6 after a strenuous workout.

Football in the V. H. S. has had a hard row to travel and still has probably a hard one ahead. Although we lose "Scottie," a brilliant half-back, and two powerful linemen in Lawrence and L. LePell, nevertheless Coach Schenck has some very promising material to replace them along with the advantage of two years' experience. Wonderful progress should result.

Logansport and Goshen will furnish the opposition away from home, while Emerson and Whiting will invade our territory when the 1922 season rolls along.

To Coach Schenck belongs the credit of building the V. H. S. team. He had a squad of willing workers who trained hard and fought hard, and as a result his efforts were rewarded in a powerful eleven.

Basket Ball 1921-1922

WHEN Coach Schenck issued his call for candidates of caging tendencies, he was overwhelmed with aspirants. Close to sixty ambitious youngsters ranging all the way from Freshmen to Seniors, reported for the once over. The first week saw our Coach and the veteran captain, Scott, busily "looking 'em over" to discover the best timber, and selecting a picked squad started shortly afterward. This lasted for two weeks and brought forth some pretty fights. But places were finally settled, the suits distributed, and the hard grind for a successful season commenced.

The first game with Elkhart was a battle from start to finish, with the reckoning at the end 19 to 21. It was a good scrap for an opening game; and everyone was satisfied with our green-shirted heavies. We went through a week of hard scrimmage and then took the one-lunger interurban for Froebel. The papers claimed that Froebel had the edge on us; everyone believed they were pretty fair and the best of it was the dope was correct. We were on the big end of the tally after 20 minutes of real basketball; but Froebel found herself in the second half, and when they came out in different jerseys we were simply hoodooed. As a result Froebel beat us 19-8, as Valpo's fighting five couldn't connect successfully.

The next "high spot" was when we dropped in on the city of retired farmers to do our outmost to bring home the fatted pork. We took all they had, but couldn't adjust our spectacles to the low ceiling and cement walls. Scott was easily the star of the evening with his pretty floor work and spectacular shots from the center.

The next night we got our revenge. Lowell came down heralded by all sorts of special notice and admittedly out to beat us or bust trying. We gave them the game of their lives, outplaying them at every turn and finally snowing them under, 30-19. Is revenge sweet? We think so.

The next two games we played away from home and got an even split, losing to the fast Kiwanza team on a very peculiar floor, and beating the heavy Culver gang by the decisive score of 24-16. Culver has a floor much like our own, and our boys felt perfectly at home.

The long schedule then commenced; the boys began to get a little stale, and just loafed along and rested up for the lucky Emerson bunch. However, they beat us squarely after a hard tussel and we admire them for it.

On the following Friday we journeyed to Lowell, where we played on a floor made to order for Lowell to win. All we could do was to play circles around them while we occasionally watched Lowell cage a remarkable shot. We were nosed

out by a score of 17 to 14 after a rough contest. However, Valpo knows we can beat Lowell any old time if we play them in a gymnasium and not a garage.

And then the Day of Days! The dopesters had compiled all the comparative scores and had it all doped out that we were due to win. The team did no doping, but they displayed their wares and gave all they had, then, and not until then were they completely satisfied. It was the old story of a five-man team against individual performers. It was a great game and we played it as it should be played, with—well you know how you felt, when the scoreboard said Valpo 27, Froebel 16.

Aha! LaPorte at Valparaiso—how significant! Yes, we were there to win and show LaPorte we were just as good sports as they were. We played them basket for basket up to the last minute of the game, but they had the edge on free throws and squeezed us out, 18-15. It was probably one of the best exhibitions of basketball that has been seen around these parts, and it is too bad we didn't win—but there you are. They had a grand team; they beat us squarely and we appreciate their sportsmanship.

On the very next night we journeyed to Gary and there we suffered a crushing defeat. The Emersonites took us over by a big score as a result of three Valpo men being put out on personals. We had to play five men against six, including the referee, which made the game very uninteresting.

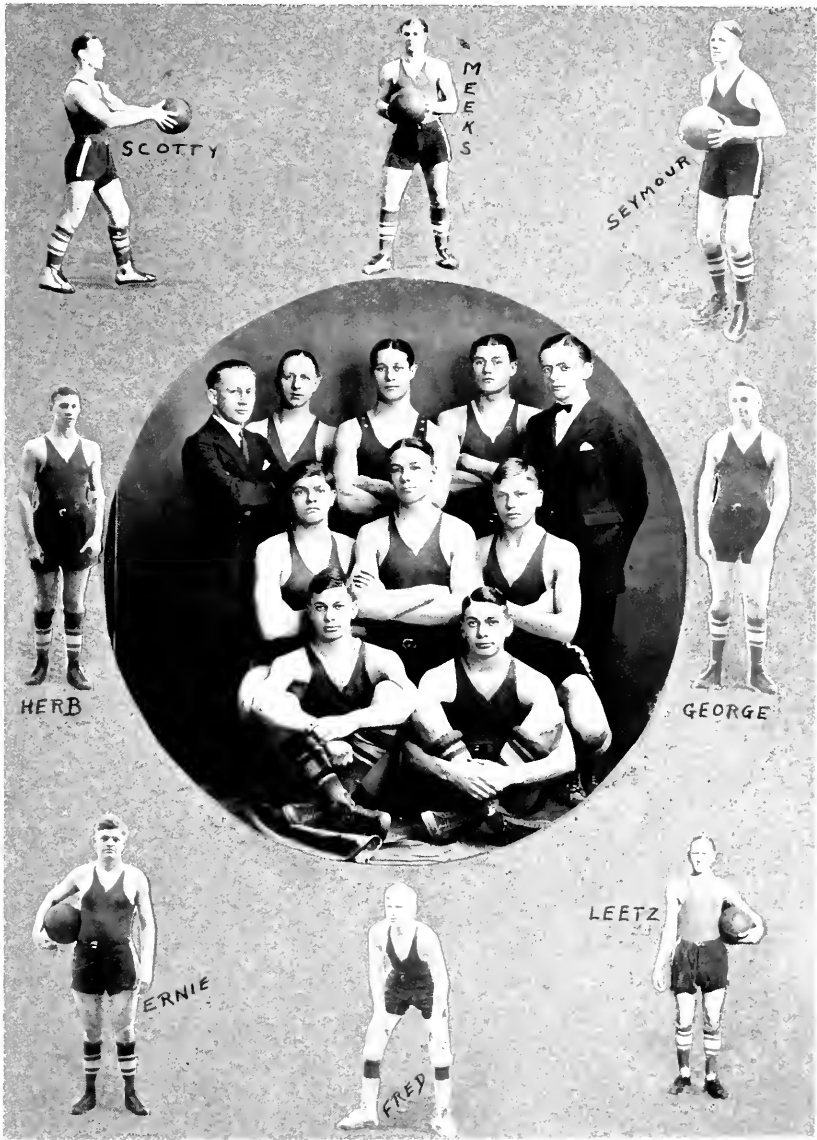
Our next and Waterloo was East Chicago, whom we played with hard luck. Valpo was simply off on shooting and our team work was a little ragged. Enough said; East Chicago beat us 18-15.

* * *

SPRING

Welcome to thee, fair spring of the year,
Season with sunshine clad;
Seed-time and harvest soon draw near,
And all the world be glad.
Thy heralded warmth and gentle showers,
And broad blue lift of the sky;
Thy portals open to welcome the flowers
Which bloom and soon pass by.
The harbingers first of thy joyous season
Warble their songs from the tree,
Gladly telling the world their reason
For being so happy and free.
Thus we greet thee gentle Springtime,
With joy and laughter anew,
And listen for thy merry chime
In the freshness of the morning dew.

CATHERINE DARST.



Personnel of the Team

COACH SCHENCK of Lebanon fame has proved to be the greatest strategist in basketball that the V. H. S. has ever had. A good coach is not necessarily a popular coach nor does it follow that a popular coach is a good coach. Coach Schenck possesses a combination of both; more than that his spirit knows no bounds, it seems to inspire the very soul of every boy on every team. To Ralph Schenck must be given the greatest credit for our success in athletics and what is more, for the faith and confidence inspired in his team and its supporters.

EARL SCOTT, *Captain*

Scotty, all sectional floor guard for three years, is beyond doubt a super-star. This untiring, ever-at-it, fighting demon of the V. H. S. squad would take the ball through a whole team the entire length of the floor and cage the ringer that spelled defeat many times. A great leader and a wonderful player was this fighting Scotty of four years' high school fame.

MILTON LEETZ

Leetz is the great defensive bulwark of Valpo's fighting five. "Millie," a battered up, hammered, banged up, backguard, took more punishment than any other man in the tournament, but he always was up and at 'em and back for more. He has Scott's endurance, plays like Scotty and has the same gameness.

ERNEST LEMBKE

Ernie, the boy with the eagle eye and curly hair, was a pride of the Valpo five; for consistency, and accuracy he was unequalled, the best free throw artist of the tournament. Ernie is only a Junior now, but wait till next year, then watch his smoke.

DEFOREST SEYMOUR

Seymour is our ever-at-'em, dependable, hard working, keystone shark. Seymour played a wonderful game against Renssalaer when he made the super-attempt to pull the game out of the fire for his team and his school. Seymour has the talent of delivering the goods when it is needed.

GEORGE DOUGLAS

The rangy, good natured Doc would toss a basket from any angle without even cracking a smile. This promising forward was directly responsible for many a victory credited to the V. H. S., and his handsome smile and unerring eye for the goal gained much commendation. Doc has two more years with the team and much is expected of him.

FLOYD MEEKS

Floyd, of the basket-tossing type, was beyond doubt the best shot on his team. He was a willing worker and proved a valuable asset to the squad. Meeks was practically a regular all season. He is handsome, but nevertheless, he can deliver the goods.

HERBERT DOUGLAS

A youth of the modest type, was a battering sensation when turned loose on a basketball floor. He could shoot baskets, and play as good as his twin brother and that's going some. His dependability, endurance, and readiness to fill in at any time and at any position, made Herb a valuable asset.

FRED LEPELL

Freddie is a player of the eat-'em-up, caveman type who could take the ball away from any big fellow and not even blush. With two more years' experience, Freddie will develop into a strong player.

The TOURNEY

“BULLY for old Valpo!” Well done, ye good old V. H. S. from the “Vale of Pair-a-dice.”

The 1922 Sectional Basketball Tournament was the super-event of the last decade. Valparaiso thought it was all a dream so remarkable and so wonderful was the manner in which the V. H. S. acted as hosts to their many guests. Nothing but praise was showered upon Valparaiso for the cordial treatment and good accommodations received. Professors Jessee and Pauley were instrumental in making the tournament the success that it was, and too many bouquets cannot be bestowed upon these managers for such remarkable achievement in so short a time.

Sixteen teams participated, including teams from Lake, Jasper, Newton, and Porter counties. Valparaiso University gymnasium was filled to overflowing with the largest crowds in its history. Sportsmanship was the leading characteristic of the courteous fans who filled the stands.

Valpo was lucky in getting a good draw and as a result went to the semi-finals, being defeated by the lucky dark-horse, Rensselaer, by the lowest score of the tourney, 7-5. The green and white shirted heavers defeated Hammond in the second game of the tourney by the score of 19-14, and Lowell by the count 19-9 on the same day. To everyone's surprise, Valpo was defeated by Rensselaer in their third game, a game featured by close guarding and exceptional hard luck on baskets. Time after time the Valpo lads would attempt shots only to have them roll out of the little circular hoop that proved the jinx of the Valpo offense. Valpo clearly outclassed their victors but as Old Man Jinx would have it, we simply couldn't be permitted to represent the section. Whiting, whom Valpo defeated earlier in the season, defeated Emerson, Brook, Froebel, and Rensselaer in the order named. Whiting barely escaped defeat at the hands of Emerson and especially Froebel, for Coach Osborne's great little team nearly upset the whole dope by giving Whiting a good drubbing, and then being beaten by the loss of three of her best men on personal fouls. Brook and East Chicago also showed up well, but suffered crushing defeats at the hands of Whiting and Rensselaer respectively.

It was a great tourney, remarkable for its numerous dope spillers, commendable for its wonderful success.

The all-sectional mythical selection made by the V. H. S. Valenian has been made only after a careful survey of the superabundant wealth of material that represented the various schools in one or more games.

FIRST TEAM

Forward -----Polk, Froebel
Forward----- Wickherst, Whiting
Center----- Eggers, Whiting
Floor Guard. -----Scott, Valparaiso
Back Guard-- -- --Leetz, Valparaiso

SECOND TEAM

Forward-----Duan, Whiting
Forward----- Lembke, Valparaiso
Center----- Hunt, Rensselaer
Floor Guard-----Peazza, Froebel
Back Guard -----

Tourney Facts

More Truth Than Poetry

Champions	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Whiting
Biggest hand from crowd	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Valparaiso
Littlest team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hobart
Fastest team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Froebel
Biggest team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Brook
Slowest team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Boone Grove
Skinniest team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	East Chicago
Biggest surprise	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rensselaer
Most surprised	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Emerson
Suffered most from draw	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Emerson
Got the best draw	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Valparaiso
Biggest dope spillers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rensselaer and Froebel
Most-in-and-out team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Froebel
Most cheerful team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Remington
Most disappointed team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Valparaiso
Played best game of tournament	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Whiting vs. Emerson; Froebel vs. Whiting
Scored fewest points	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Boone Grove (2)
Scored most points	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Brook (34)
Gamest team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rensselaer
Hardest luck team	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hebron
Most finished teams	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Valparaiso, Whiting, Froebel and Emerson



Music

MUSIC

FOR the last few years, the beginning of a new school year has meant the reorganization of the Glee Clubs and Orchestra. At the beginning of the year, when a request was made that all music lovers remain for practice, we soon realized how many of our singers of last year had been Seniors. An almost entirely new group of singers in both the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs has been the result.

Shortly after the beginning of the term the Music Club was organized. Officers were elected as follows: President, Merle Dowdell; Vice-President, Edward Billings; Treasurer, Russell Nixon; Business Manager, Leonard Spooner.

Under the skillful directorship of our new instructor, Miss Mannon, the Glee Clubs and the Orchestra have entertained the students and patrons of Valparaiso High School many times this year.

As early as October 27, the Girls' Glee Club appeared before us. Their renditions of "Lullaby" and "Sweet and Low" were excellent.

This bit of entertainment was only one of many that have been enjoyed. About two weeks afterward we had the pleasure of hearing a mixed chorus, made up of both Glee Clubs. Their singing of "King of the Outlaws" and a round entitled "Are You Sleeping?" in the chapel period secured a greater response on the part of the student body in the assembly singing.

On November 22, the whole chapel period was well-spent in listening to a program given by our orchestra and Charles Coyer. The orchestra played two numbers, "Valse Danseuse" and "Dance of the Crickets." Charles Coyer, our accomplished violinist, accompanied by Eva Roach, favored the audience with two numbers, "Meditation," from Thais, and "Canzanetta."

The chapel period on December 21 proved to be another very enjoyable occasion for the student body. Miss Mannon had prepared a rare treat for us in the following musical program.

1. a. "Evening Star," from Thannhauser.
b. "Sweet Kitty Clover."

PHILIP CORBOY, Vocal solos.

2. a. "Constantinople"—Turkish March.
b. "Under Marching Orders."

Piano Duets by EVA ROACH and RUTH HERSHMAN.

3. a. "Arcadian Lullaby."

DOROTHY DEE, Vocal solo.

ELEANOR ZELLER, Accompanist.

4. a. "Mon Plaisir."

STRING QUINTETTE.

These pleasant musical surprises have continued during the school year. On February 2, Earl Bernhart gave excellent renditions of Drola's "Souvenir" and Van Tilzer's "That Old Irish Mother O'Mine." These were followed by two vocal solos by Dorothy Dee, "When Shadows Fall," by Frost, and "Peggy," which won much applause. The program concluded with two piano solos by Dorothy Dodge. These were "Prelude—C Sharp Minor," by Rachmaninoff, and "Elegie." These are difficult pieces to play, but Dorothy's technique and expression were of a superior nature. The high school is fortunate in having many skilled pianists. Gertrude Cavanaugh, Eleanor Zeller, Margaret Dee, Ruth Hershman, and Dorothy Dodge have all been very generous with this music.

During the remainder of the year the musical organizations and individual members of the high school continued to entertain us with programs which certainly did not fall below such entertainments of the past. By providing these varied programs, Miss Mannon has made known to us much talent which might otherwise have remained hidden.

A few of our chapel periods have been spent in the appreciation of music. By means of the victrola we have heard some of the finest musical selections from Il Trovatore, Aida, Lucia, and other master-pieces. This kind of a program enabled us to become better acquainted with classical music.

Even as far back as the mythical age when Orpheus moved Pluto by the strains of his lyre, music has charmed the happy and the sad, the old and the young, the optimistic and the pessimistic, the civilized and the savage; and we hope it may continue to delight the pupils of Valparaiso High School for many years to come.

* * *

TO THE BUST OF LONGFELLOW IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOM

What are your thoughts, O Longfellow,
As you so sedately sit,
Your face all covered with dust and dirt,
And your brows a trifle knit?
Long have you stood a sentinel,
And watched us all gain power.
Oh, what would be your tale, sphinx man,
Could you speak for just an hour?
Many's the class you've faithfully watched
Our number is thirteen;
Would we receive some praise from you,
After all the classes seen?
Sad since we might be made to feel
Should your comment be kind,
Conceit would hurt us quite as much
So just hide what's in your mind.

DOROTHY DODGE.



Drama



Senior Vaudeville

ACQUAINTED with the Senior Class and its ability, the expectations of the audience attending our vaudeville ran high. Expectations, however, faded into insignificance when its actual merit was realized.

* * *

(1.) Russell convulsed us with laughter and captivated us with his "low moaning saxaphone." Accompanied on the piano by his mother and on the trombone by his brother, Jim, he proved his ability to be far beyond that of any "ordinary boy of a deep and serious nature."

* * *

(2.) The freshmen were firmly convinced that Loring LePell and Frederick Christy had "invisible lines (?) or something" on their charts when they made their lightning sketches, so artistic were their landscapes and striking their caricatures.

* * *

(3.) The V. H. S. Novelty Company was a decided "hit." It consisted of ten of our liveliest and most popular girls in a singing and dancing novelty act with ukulele accompaniment. Autie, Dorothy, Mid, Ethel, Dot, Alice, "T," Fat, Eenie, and Bones were all baseball stars in lingo, looks and—knockouts.

* * *

(4.) Gene Pauley all dressed up like a bell-hop, or Major domo, as it were, in green and white, ushered in our acts.

* * *

(5.) Ed Billings and Ronnie Stoner made their debut as vaudeville comedians and were voted a success for their originality and—"snappy toppers and sticks."

* * *

(6.) Martha Jane Jenkins, a student attending the University, gave several fine readings that won a laugh from everyone.

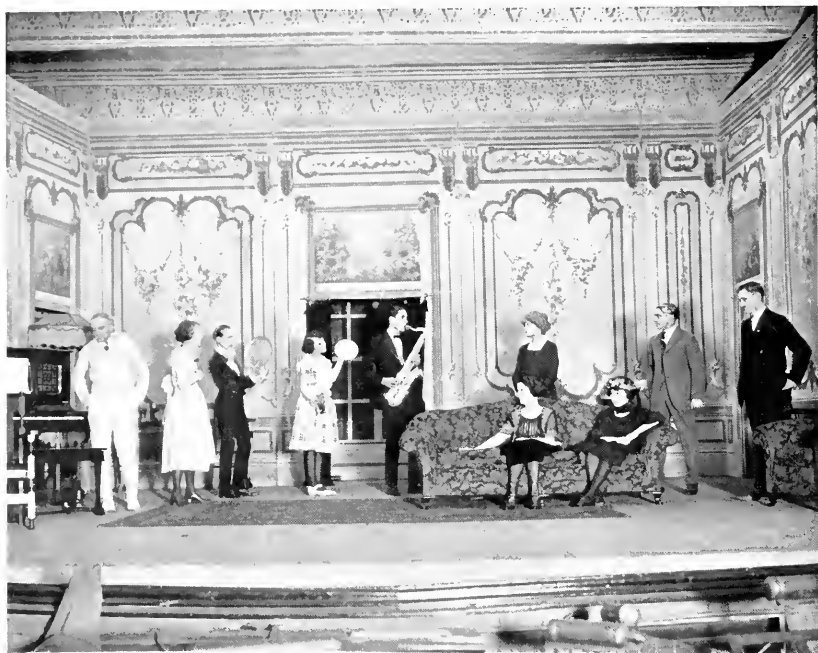
* * *

(7.) For two of our most brilliant students to take so well the parts of lunatics in the sketch "Mistaken Identity" required clever acting and decided ability; Connie Parker and Paul Ellis were the clever actors.

* * *

(8.) The next number was one which always will be a great treat to all of us, solos by Charles Coyer on the violin and by Roger Wilson on the trombone. The Boys' Glee Club executed some really fine harmony and were enthusiastically approved of by the audience. Three violinists, Charles Coyer, Earl Bernhardt, and Howard Eschel, and two bass violinists, Julia Spencil and Arthur Butler constituted our string quintet. Several very fine numbers, greatly appreciated, were played by them.

Thus, was our vaudeville a success, each act an essential part which went to make up a peerless and unprecedented whole.



“Clarence”

WHEN Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" was selected for our Senior Play, it was with the knowledge that its successful production would require much more than ordinary ability. But with energy characteristic of our class, the cast went to work and the result was a presentation unsurpassed by any V. H. S. play of previous years and a success that will challenge all our senior classes in the future.

If "Clarence" was not written for our class, it must be regarded as nothing short of a miraculous coincidence, for never were the characters of a cast better suited to their parts. Clarence (Russell Nixon) is a young man of dry humor, with the ability to do anything from fixing the hot water plant, driving mules without swearing, mending broken hearts (and then breaking them), tuning the piano and playing the saxophone, to gaining nation-wide fame as a scientific specialist. But with all these extraordinary accomplishments, he still has the time old human weakness; he falls in love! There was no alternative; Violet Pinney's (Emily Marine) beauty, quiet dignity, and sweet disposition won not alone all the masculine hearts of the play, but all the audience as well. Cora (Dorothy Todd) stamped her inconsistent little way straight into our hearts;

irresistible, full of life and vitality, she carried us with her from her first enraptured to her last pathetic "O Clarence!" Bobby (Dan Erwin) tried to be sophisticated and succeeded—in proving he was not. He made an earnest endeavor to lead a "higher and more spirichul" life; but Cora's taunts invariably brought him down from the lofty plane of being a "man for practikly a lifetime" to "seventeen." "Always neglected," wailed Mrs. Wheeler (Autumn Bartholomew), but certainly not by the audience, manifestly appreciative of her dramatic talent and stunning costumes. Mr. Wheeler (Ronald Stoner) was a typical hen-pecked husband, distracted father and worn out business man. Mrs. Martyn (Gertrude Cavanaugh), his secretary, had a truly remarkable memory, was very business-like and stood high in the estimation of her employer who often declared "Mrs. Martyn is *never* mistaken!" Della, the maid (Dot Dodge) featured in a threatened breach of promise case, captured the affections of one but gave her own affections to another. Dinwiddie, the butler (Ed Billings), was the soul of superiority; far above conversing with any of the "Help," he was forced to address the little birds of the sky. Mr. Hubert Stem (Burdette Tatlock) was handsome, scheming and dramatic, a perfect villian.

We owe a great part of our success to Miss Edna Agar, whose success in coaching the play could not have been excelled. To the orchestra we are also indebted who helped to make the evening a never-to-be-forgotten success.

* * *

MY GARDEN

My graden is a lonesome place
Where sweetest flowers grow
With lovely roses and holly-hocks
And the stately golden glow;
Pink hyacinths, narcissus and lilies,
And the spicy marigold,
The little blushing anemone
And the tulips, arrogant and bold;
The zinnias, putunias, and hardy phalax,
And lilacs fragrant and sweet,
The valley lily and the blue wood violet
Bloom at the elm tree's feet;
The bridal wreathes are mounds of snow,
And the snap-dragon's monkey face
Is peeping by my low stair steps
Mingling with iasmas' stately grace.
The larkspur—a bit of Heaven's blue,
And asters—reflecting God's bow,
Smilingly a mass of color there

Bring a bit of glory below.
The saucy nasturtiums grow by the fence;
And in a shady spot,
Side by side with lovely heart's ease
Grows the tiny for-get-me-not.
A riot of glory climbs over the fence
In pink and purple and white,
Where the morning glories wake with the sun,
And rejoice at the going of the night.

I love to sit in my garden
When the sun is sinking low,
Painting the horizon
With its lovely rosy glow.
And as the twilight deepens,
The stars are beginning to peep
And the tall trees by my window
Tenderly their vigils keep.
The fragrance of the flowers
Is wafted on the breeze,
And the birds twitter sleepily
From their nests up in the trees.
O, come with me in my garden
And sit on the grassy sod,
And worship the glories of nature
And commune with nature's God.

MARIAN ALBRIGHT.

* * *

REFLECTIONS OF A CORPSE

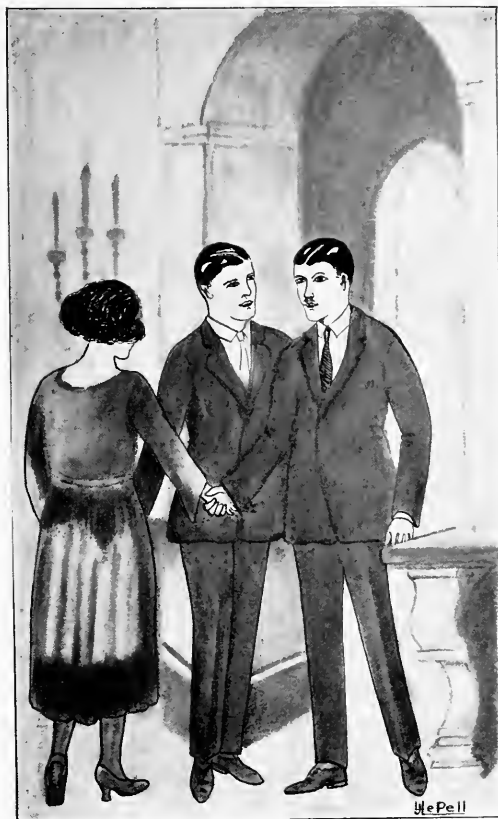
How times have changed—it seems that they
Have changed from bad to worse.
How sweet is death—while day by day
Life journeys on—a curse.

The shallow lives of mortal souls
Will follow to the grave.
And while the dismal death knell tolls,
Those lives we cannot save.

The vices of the modern age
Will reap their tolls in scores.
Alas—too late to turn the page
Or glimpse the golden shores.

Each life must turn its evil course,
I would that I could tell
And warn them of the dread remorse
That haunts the gates of Hell.

PAUL R. ELLIS.



Society

SOCIETY

PROM 1921.

THIS Prom, as everyone agrees, was the best ever given; naturally the best, as we, the ingenious class of '22 gave it for that fortunate class of '21. The hall was hardly recognizable on account of the clever drop ceiling of green and white streamers. A canopy from which hung twisted green and white streamers, screened the center lights; and little green and white lanterns, bearing the inscription "V. H. S. '22 to '21," covered the small side lights. The bowl of lime punch, which carried out the color scheme still further, was enshrined in a bower of green and white lattice work. Another such bower concealed the orchestra where they could be "heard but not seen." The three floor lamps were tastefully adorned with green and white paper shades, designed by a clever young "co-ed." The greatest surprise was the green and white confetti; the grand march was led by our president very effectively in the from of the three letters, "V. H. S." A lusty sigh was heard as the first strains of "Home, Sweet Home," poured forth. A splendid time was had by all and, O yes, everyone enjoyed the "moonlight (?) extra."

JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC, 1921.

It was again our pleasure to entertain the Seniors of last year at the annual picnic. It was given on the Saturday following the close of school. When we reached the lake, the male part of the class began their annual game of ball. Some of the "puppy-lovers" went canoeing or sat gazing at each other, while those of free hearts danced and played games. When "eats" was called, the bread line assembled. "Beans" were the main feature, and the question "Boston or otherwise" was slung at each hungry individual. Mr. Jessee was known to say "both." A special orchestra furnished peppy music afterwards and dancing was the main feature. We "toddled" home at a late hour.

WHEN WE WERE UNDER-CLASSMEN.

The annual "cellar-party" was given the first two years of our school career, but no other festivities were had. At all of these we danced, ate, and played games without much variety. But you "can't keep a good class down" and we are really exhibiting our ability in the social line this year.

WEENIE ROAST.

In the middle of September, this "peppy" Senior class decided to begin right away to live up to its reputation earned as Juniors. A weenie roast was planned, and all day we watched with hopeful eyes for a patch of blue in the sky; though the clouds continued to drip at 4:00 we were not daunted in the least and sallied out to Flint Lake. We played games in the dance hall and when we began to "feel" hungry, the boys started a feeble fire just outside. We decided upon a novel

way to roast the weenies so sticks were stuck out from the shelter, and some suggested that our "eats" would be boiled, rather than roasted. After our refreshments, we held a tournament, the contestants displaying their skill in throwing the boys' caps. The owners objected at first, but when they learned that a ball was given as a prize, they worked harder than the rest. A stick of candy was the trophy awarded to the champion and Russ seemed especially anxious to win. We left rather early on account of the "dampness" but felt that our time was not wasted.

SKATING PARTY.

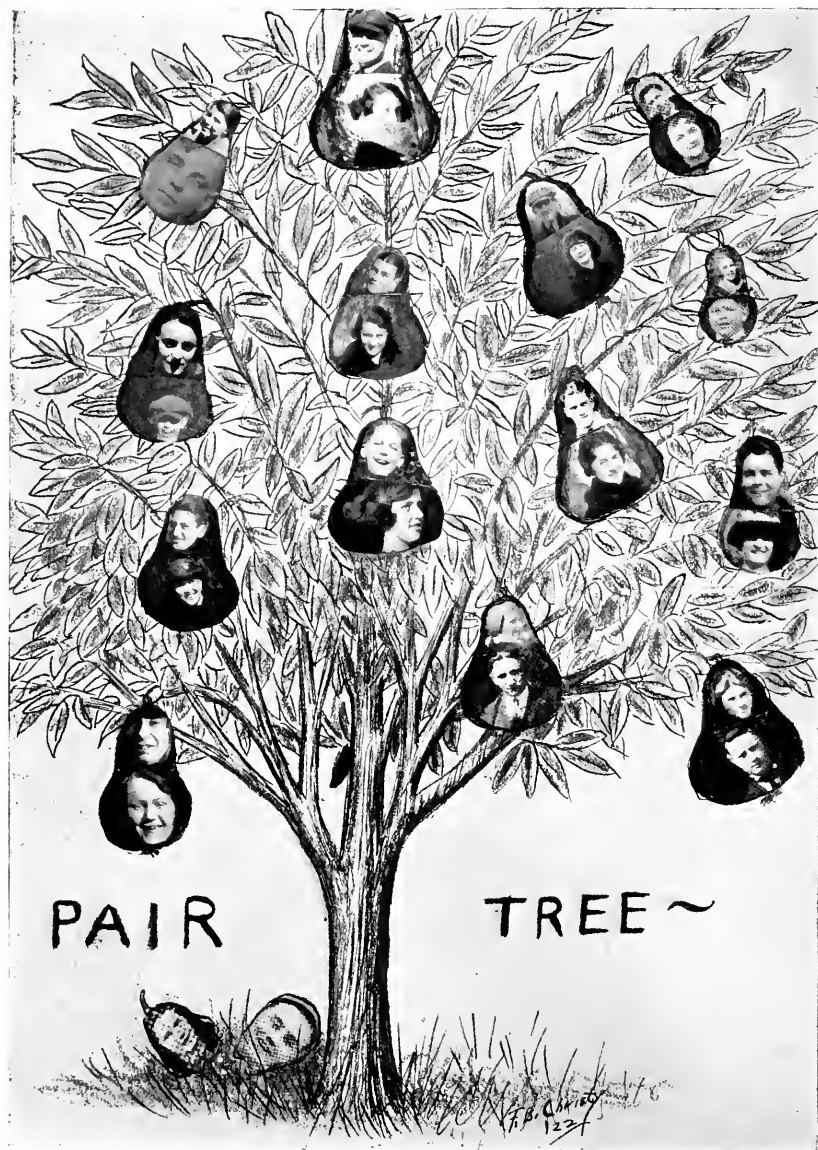
Those fortunates who could skate shivered out to Flint Lake, where the first thing attempted was fire-making. It seemed as if this would be the only thing attempted because the fires refused to burn. We decided that the woods being wet had something to do with it, so we bribed a little boy, with the promise of something to eat, to "swipe some kindling from the family wood box." He got us some and about the time to start home, we had a fire burning, and roasted our weenies. Very little skating was done and those who really could skate, spent most of the time pulling around "non-combatants." When we began to get numb, we packed up for Valpo, and O no, we didn't forget to feed the kid!

MATINEE DANCES.

For the first time, the Senior Class thought of a novel way to make money and to have a good time, in the form of Matinee dances. These were held every Friday P. M. in the Lincoln Way School, from 4:15 to 5:30. An orchestra made up of high school students furnished excellent music, and only high school and grade students were allowed to attend. A small fee of 5c was attached to each dance. All the rules were strictly carried out, and as on the first day, an exhibition "hold" was given by Constance Parker, Leonard Spooner, Mildred Kull and Paul Ellis, there was no argument as to "how many inches between." Sad to say, there were many wall flowers, due to the lack of male participants. Moral: "Boys, learn how to dance." I'm sure everyone gives the class credit for a bright idea and we have heard alumni say, "Why didn't *we* think of that?"

CLASS OF '22 "HOSTS."

To show the good will of the class towards the school, we acted as hosts at a party given for the whole high school, on March 17, 1922, at the Lincoln Way School. A large orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing, which was the main attraction. The Monte Carlo dance, in which each couple stood on a number at the close of the dance, and a large wheel was turned, a prize of a box of candy being given to the lucky couple, was hugely enjoyed by all. Special entertainment was furnished by Gertrude Cavanaugh, Audrey Lish and Dorothy Dodge. The refreshments were green and white brick ice-cream and homemade cake. The dances were mostly "robbers" which added "pep" to the evening's fun. "A success," everyone said when the hour for departing came.



Famous Former V. H. S. Students

EDWARD MARQUARDT, '98

Mr. Marquardt graduated from the United States Naval Academy in May, 1902. He was commissioned ensign in 1904, a lieutenant, junior grade, and then a lieutenant in 1907. In 1914 he was commissioned lieutenant-commander and in 1918 commander, the rank which he holds at present.

His duties have led him chiefly to Oriental waters, especially during the Russian-Japanese war when he served on the U. S. S. Oregon.

He was ordered to duty at the United States Gun Factory in 1915 and was retained on duty at that place during the entire period of the World War, owing to the great expansion which took place at that institution and the vital need for experienced officers in that line of work. He was detached from that duty in October, 1919, and ordered to command the submarines and submarine base at the Panama Canal. In August, 1921, he was detached from this duty and ordered to command the U. S. S. Wyoming.

During the period of the war, he was appointed a member representing the navy of the National Screw Thread Commission, a commission appointed by Congress with the Directors of Standards as the head, for the purpose of establishing national standards for all Screw Thread products and accurate gauging. This standardization was found to be actually necessary after many sad experiences in assembling war material of all countries in Europe made by different manufacturers in this country, each with his own standards.

Previously in 1908 he had been a member of the conference of naval officers called by President Roosevelt at the War College, Newport, Rhode Island, to make recommendations affecting battleship designs.

While on duty on the U. S. S. Arkansas during a visit to Italy, he was a member of a board of officers to visit and study various steel plants, submarine builders, optical works, and explosive engine manufacturing plants.

WALT LOUDERBACK.

Mr. Louderback is at the present time one of the seven best illustrators in New York City. At the age of thirteen he completed the course in Art offered by the Valparaiso University. After graduating from high school, he attended the University of Michigan for two years. He graduated from the Chicago Art Institute and afterwards taught there. He later moved to New York and began his work in that city by illustrating juvenile magazines, then came Joseph C. Lincoln's books. For several years he gave most of his time to the Appleton Publishing Company. Recently he has contracted to illustrate the seventeen Hearst publications.

S. S. McCLURE, '75.

Mr. McClure worked his way through Knox College as a farm hand. His first editorial experience was with the Knox Student. After graduation, he worked on the Wheelman, DeVinne Press and the Cenutry. In 1884 he moved to New York and launched the Publishers' Syndicate, and 1892 published the first number of McClure's Magazine. At the present time he is editing this magazine of which he is the founder.

ROSS WOODHULL, '98.

Mr. Woodhull is now an alderman of Chicago. He has been one of the foremost advocates of the new Chicago subway. He started in the business world as a wholesale manufacturer of ice-cream in South Chicago. Since then he has been elected president of the National Wholesale Ice Cream Manufacturing Association.

WALTER TALCOTT, 1900

Walter Talcott graduated from the V. H. S. in 1900 and for two years thereafter attended Valparaiso University; later he was a student at Michigan and Columbia Universities. For several years he was with the Cash Register People of Dayton, Ohio, and lectured throughout the United States on the material and spiritual advantages of beautiful surroundings for working people, clean, light, airy factories, approaches adorned with flowers and shrubs, wholesome lunches served in pleasant dining rooms. To his efforts were due many of the early beauty spots near railroad stations and factory gates.

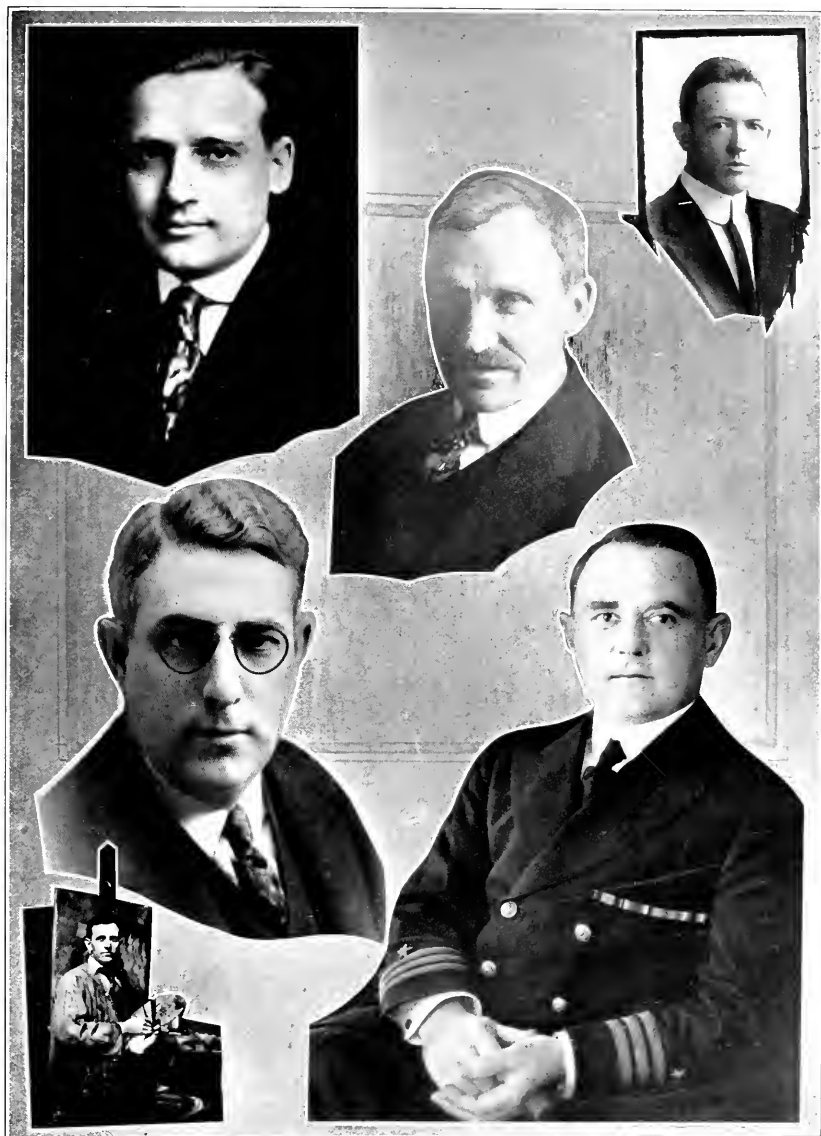
After leaving the Cash Register Company, Mr. Talcott became one of the leading advertising salesmen of this country. During and since the war this business has made it necessary for him to divide his time between London and Paris.

DOW JOHNSON, '07

"Graduating with the class of 1907, my plans at that time were to work into the business field. The possibilities of further training in a university appeared so remote as to merit no consideration.

"During 1908, the factory in which I was working burned and during the suspension of business which followed, an offer came from the Sunbeam Mines Company of Idaho to take charge of their mine office. The mine closed down temporarily during the winter of my first year with the company and while awaiting its opening in the spring, I became associated with the Bridge Engineers of the Union Pacific railroad. The opportunities for advancement were favorable and when the mine reopened, I stayed with the Bridge Engineers, eventually working as office assistant.

"Thanks to my high school training, I was able without trouble to enter the University of Washington with the mining engineering class of 1914.



WALTER TALCOTT
ROSS WOODHULL
WALT LOUDERBACK

S. S. McCLURE

DOW JOHNSON
C. W. MARQUARDT

"My first experience in actual mining on leaving college was with the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company of Treadwell, Alaska, one of the largest low grade gold mines then operating, with whom I started work as Surveyor's Helper, then as Mine Surveyor, and later as Chief Engineer.

"In 1917, the Bridge Engineer with whom I worked on the Union Pacific was placed in charge of Chester Shipbuilding Company yard at Chester, Pennsylvania, and in 1918 I was called East as his assistant. This was a seven-way yard and during the war employed in the neighborhood of six thousand men. Twenty-six freight and passenger vessels and twelve tankers of approximately 9,000 tons each were built for the Emergency Fleet Corporation and four Mine Sweepers of 800 tons each were built for the Navy. The three years with this company were spent as Superintendent of Planning Production Engineer and on completion of the war contracts as Head of the Claims Department.

"These lines are written enroute to Lead, South Dakota, where I am to take charge of engineering work for the Homestake Mining Company of that place.

"While in high school it was of course impossible to foresee these lines of work which have taken me into nearly every state in the Union, through Canada and Alaska. It is equally impossible for the average student today to say how soon or in what way his high school training will benefit him. In my opinion, he will sooner or later find, as I have found, its value cannot be overestimated."

NEIL ARVIN, '06

We wish to add the name of Neil Arvin to this group of famous V. H. S. students, although we were unable to obtain his photograph. Mr. Arvin received his A. B. degree from Lake Forest College in 1911. He was awarded the highest honors in scholarship together with the Chatfield-Taylor prize in French. In 1914, he received his A. M. degree from Harvard University through the Shattuck Scholarship and in 1917 the degree of Ph. D. through the Sheldon Fellowship.

During these years he has held the following positions:

1911-1913 Instructor of French, Ohio Wesleyan University.

1913, Instructor of French, Wooster University, Summer School.

1914-1917, Instructor of French, Harvard University.

1917-1919, Instructor of French, Rice Institute.

1921, Instructor of French, Yale University.

In 1912, he attended the Alliance Francaise Summer School, Paris. In 1919-1921 he was in France, as a Sheldon Travelling Fellow from Harvard University, working at the University of Paris and preparing a book on "Eugene Seribe." In 1918 a number of his articles were printed in *Modern Philology* and *Sewanee Review*.

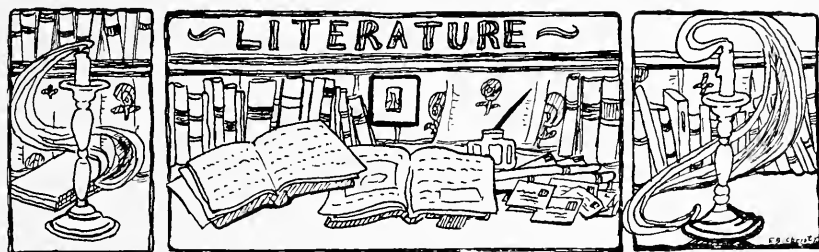


The Press



1922 Valenian Staff

1.	Dorothy Dodge	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
2.	Glenn Mitzner	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
3.	Merle Dowdell, '23	-	-	-	-	-	-	Prophecy
4.	Paul Ellis	-	-	-	-	-	-	Assistant Editor
5.	Autumn Bartholomew	-	-	-	-	-	-	Society
6.	Ruth Neff	-	-	-	-	-	-	History
7.	Randall Sheppard	-	-	-	-	-	-	Snapshots
8.	Emily Marine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alumni
9.	Isadore Simon	-	-	-	-	-	-	Athletics
10.	Nellie Loomis	-	-	-	-	-	-	Drama
11.	Daniel Erwin	-	-	-	-	-	-	Calendar
12.	Constance Parker	-	-	-	-	-	-	Will
13.	Frederick Christy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Art and Snapshots
14.	Russell Nixon	-	-	-	-	-	-	Burlesque
15.	Loring LePell	-	-	-	-	-	-	Art
16.	Mary Sanford	-	-	-	-	-	-	Music



The Oratorical Contest

THE following is copied from the Daily Vidette:

The public speaking contest between the members of the class of 1922 of Valparaiso High School was of the same high merit of those of other years. Of the ten aspirants for honors all, to quote the words of Mr. Hensel, who awarded the prizes, were worthy of special mention. First place was given, however, among the girls to Miss Mariann Albright and among the boys to Mr. Ronald Stoner.

Miss Albright discussed the present status of the negro in this country, his right to the same chances, physical, moral and spiritual, as the white. Her earnestness won her the closest attention. Mr. Stoner gave a practical, logical review of the menace of war equipment and the necessity for limiting our struggles to outwit our neighbors in means of destruction.

Along somewhat the same line was Miss Emily Marine's beautiful address on the responsibility which often comes to individuals and nations when the voice of God seems to utter, "Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" And this note of responsibility was also evident in Isadore Simon's fervent appeal for the honor system in prisons, a very eloquent address.

Miss Margaretta Shinabarger and Miss Gertrude Cavanaugh spoke on Americanism and Democracy. Both addresses were full of logical reasoning and patriotic sentiment; both were delivered with great dignity and grace. The theme of Miss Frances Tilton's speech touched also on civic problems. And her appeal for harmony between the classes of American society swayed the hearts of her hearers.

Miss Dorothy Dodge made a stirring speech on the virtues of music—a speech which could have been delivered only by a sincere lover of music. She touched the chords of various emotions in her argument that music is the most cultural of all the subjects taught in our schools today.

Two speeches were something of a departure from the ordinary address or public speech, being expositions of recent triumphs in science. Paul Ellis gave a most scholarly account of the use of nitrogen in war, from the nitroglycerin of fifty years ago to the T. N. T. which played so important a part in the world



THE WINNERS OF THE
PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

war. This erudite subject was couched in such simple language that everyone in the audience followed him with pleasure.

Edward Billings, the last of ten speakers, held the closest attention of his hearers as he talked on the romance of radium, and prophesied what its services to humanity might be in the future.

The music for the occasion was furnished by Miss Lois Whitehead, who played so well her piano solos as to win two encores; and a string quintette, Charles Coyer, Arthur Butler, Howard Eschell, Earl Bernhardt, and Julia Sprencil, with Miss Ruth Hershman at the piano. They, too, were heartily applauded.

The judges were Mr. L. C. Hensel, Mr. Edward Drier and Mrs. L. T. Fredricks.

After the program the president of the class, Edward Billings, announced that candy was for sale in the south corridor and that the guests were also asked to spend a social hour in the kindergarten room, where dancing was indulged in.

Principal Jessee, in calling the house to order, reminded the audience that the work done by the ten young people on the platform was only a sample of the kind of discussions prepared by each member of the Senior class. Altogether, the program was a credit to the class, the school, and the community.

* * *

BRAIN FAG

Last night when the day was ended,
And my mind afar had wended
Its long way by sleep befriended
To the past;

Suddenly a dream possessed me
With its forceful power obsessed me
Held me fast.

From this dream planned by the devil
And his aides in impish revel,
I awoke in blank dishevel,—
Shuddered long.

And the night no more I rested
With my cool complacence bested
For this night-mare, plague infested
Did me wrong.

It was more than segregation,
Duty up in "Old School-ation"—
And this mental concentration
Brought the blues.

Mr. Sandman, give me sleep
Make it dense and dark and deep,
And out of it please keep
Weary Rues.

EDWARD BILLINGS.

REMINISCENCE

Oh, to be a boy again!
On some early April morn,
When the first bright beams of sunlight,
Break o'er the pond's still form.
Then away for the day with pole and line,
To that pond of clear, still form,
To spend the day in quiet delight,
Away from the strife and storm.
Those were the happy days in time,
When a lad was careless and free,
They are to be cherished as very bright—
Days for which to yearn.
But forget those days are passed in time!
Cease to regret and to mourn!
Be off with the very first rays of light,
An angler again in form.

TOM CLIFFORD.

* * *

INDUSTRY vs. NATURE

The great bare sand dunes
For many a year
Have stood by the lake
With never a fear.
But now they tremble
And shake with the dread
That in a short time
They all may be sped.
The smoke from the mills
Spreads far o'er the lake
And the hearts of the waves
Seems ready to break.
The guant grey steel mills,
Will shortly replace
The beauties so dear
To the human race.

MERLE DOWDELL.

The Negro

AMONG the most serious questions that the American citizens have to face is the fact that a large part of our population are Africans of a race very different from ours, whose ancestors were brought here by ours as slaves. These strangers constitute about one-seventh of our population; in the south there are one-half as many people of negro blood as those of European parentage. These people are very industrious; to them we owe the agriculture of ten states and the tillage of one-sixth of the land.

For many years the hope that these negroes would disappear has been a prayer in the hearts of our countrymen. The grounds of this hope were:

1. That they would return to Africa as colonists;
2. That they would die out in the competition with the white races;
3. That they would die in the north because of the climate.

As regards the first expedient they are willing to return to Africa, we could not spare them even if they were, and to send them against their will would be an iniquity that no civilized nation would perpetrate. So it is evident that these people are to remain here, to help or to harm, as the whites who are still the masters of their destiny, may in a large part determine.

To understand the negro's relation to our society we must survey their history from the coming of the Africans to the new world. When the colonists first came here three hundred years ago, they needed laborers, since few of them could do manual labor and they could not get help from England because of her scanty population, diminished by the many pestilences which she had suffered in the past years. Transported criminals and Indians proved failures as laborers, and the colonists were at loss until they found that men who could and would do their work could be bought for a string of beads or a gallon of rum. Within one hundred years there was a plentiful supply of slaves in the colonies.

We must remember that in the seventeenth century the buying and selling of human beings as slaves was considered no worse than the buying of horses today. The negroes were not debased by this change; their contact with a superior race trained them in a Christian civilization.

After the Revolution, slavery was restricted to the south, because it was in the cotton and tobacco fields that their labor was profitable. The system of slavery was on the whole a merciful one.

But slavery was the foundation of a great evil; for slavery is impossible in a democracy, slaveholders cannot be democratic. Hence the whites of the north and the whites of the south formed different social systems. Historic records show that the first struggle arose over the question as to whether slavery should be extended to the states west of the Mississippi.

The Civil War broke down the most characteristic autocracy of modern times. The only part of this ancient trouble that survives the Civil War is the negro

population. When they first came here, they were completely foreign to our form of government. Their training as slaves developed their innate fitness for toiling and forced them to conform to our habits of life. They learned to use our language, but they gained no self-reliance.

The Civil War turned loose a primitive people greater in number than the population of England. This sudden change was unjust to them.

The most hopeful fact in the whole issue is that they have caused so little trouble. If the only question concerning the negro was that of making him work, there would be no apprehension for the future. But if they are left alone they will in time form a peasant class. The result is inevitable—unless they can be lifted to a higher plane of civilization and liberated from the ignorance and superstition which is their heritage.

The greatest obstacle to the complete reconciliation of the two races is the natural prejudice of all people to a race unlike themselves, a feeling which has been of use in preventing mixtures of diverse bloods. Prejudice is a reasonable feeling, we either have a feeling of adoration for something superior, or of contempt which we consider to be lower than ourselves. To overcome this contempt we have the Christian doctrine of Love and Universal Brotherhood.

The negro has a gift for the world, his lighthearted sunny spirit and his ability to meet the injustice of the world with a smile. Let us give him a chance, treat him as an American citizen, and lend him a helping hand to aid him to higher and nobler achievements.

The difference in rank or education may exist without serious consequences, but a feeling of caste would destroy our existing society.

We must protest against this dislike for the negro. We must make our people see that this blind dislike is unworthy of a people as strong otherwise. It is disgraceful that large minded folks should be influenced by a motive essentially brutal.

It is not necessary to go so far as to admit them to our homes as our equals. It is not this intimacy that they want—but fair treatment and a place where the negro may have his own society and schools as well equipped as those of his white neighbors.

The treatment of the negroes in the south since the war is a disgrace to any civilized nation. The sharpening of racial antagonism has revived the terrorization of the Klu Klux Klan, which owes its strength to the white man's fear of the black in the southern states. Fear of the unknown plans and powers of the blacks blended with the racial repulsion lie at the foot of the white cruelty. The best elements in America are ashamed of lynching, but protests from public or private bodies have not eradicated this evil. These horrors with the general denial of the ballot to the blacks in the south are creating a furious ferment, threatening a new war for a negro republic of all Africa.

Just because a man is a negro is no reason why he should never have any rights or privileges of his own.

This restless rebellious feeling is a challenge to civilization. It is in one light a peril, but in another a sign of hope; it may bring light to the world.

We must not blind ourselves, in thinking of the good the negro has derived from living in contact with us, to the wrongs and the injustices that he has suffered. We must recognize his rights and co-operate with him, understanding what forces drove him to his defiance of the white world.

By the Civil War the negro was emancipated—made a citizen—given the power to vote, but, he is not yet free—does not enjoy the rights of a citizen and seldom gets to vote.

We thought "taxation without representation" tyranny in 1776, but we seem to forget that the negro in all probability has a mind that runs in the same channel.

We have on our shoulders a tremendous responsibility. Let us not fail in it, either as individuals or as a Christian nation, remembering that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted by him."

MARIANN ALBRIGHT.

* * *

DEATH

Gone in the spring without a whisper of warning!
Gone, like the dew from the flowers in the morning!
Gone, while the world in its beauty seemed dawning!
In the grave she lies silent and dead.
Gone, while surrounded by friends without number!
Gone, while the loved ones stood stricken in wonder!
Gone, with the bright hopes that are now torn asunder!
In the grave she lies silent and dead.
Gone, but its only a little before!
Gone, o'er the river of death to the shore!
Gone, but we all hope to meet her once more!
Though now she lies silent and dead.

RONALD STONER.

Disarmament

THAS been wisely said that every moment in life is a turning point. And what is true of men is true of nations; and never so much as now. In the Conference on Limitation of Armaments, civilization stands at the crossroads.

The outbreak of the Great War, terrible though it was, was a period of high hopes. The war was to end war. Everybody said so. The theorists said it; the bankers said it; the financiers said it, and, most of all, the man in the street, rudely aroused from the dream of permanent peace, declared that war must never come again; it could not be tolerated; however great the sacrifice, however terrible the cost, war must be done with once and for all.

These hopes are buried in the graves of a thousand cemeteries. Already the man in the street, disillusioned, talks of the next war. Already science is busy multiplying its means of destruction. Each national budget overtops the last.

The plain fact is that the world is threatened with a danger not dreamed of for fifteen centuries—not since the Roman Empire fell—the danger of the collapse of our civilization itself. Vast areas of the world lie in chaos. Over central and eastern Europe is darkness. Everywhere the industrial wheels are out of gear and refuse to move.

It is time to be alarmed. We have taken it for granted, these two or three generations back, that the thing we called progress had come to stay, that the inventions of the nineteenth century had conquered nature and that the great problems were solved. To none did it seem that our civilization might be shattered. Wonderful indeed seemed our achievements, the skyscraper, the airplane, and the automobile. We were so lost in our admiration and wonder at our progress that we did not realize that machinery and mechanical progress are nothing; that of itself machinery can eliminate neither hunger nor want nor cruelty nor war; that the machine that should be the servant may become a huge demon dominating its masters. So it comes that we stand in a bankrupt world littered with machinery and demanding in the form of Armament more machinery.

The essential form of the problem which is now before the world and which was embodied in the Washington Conference is this: The civilized world has either got to stop fighting or go to its ruin; or if it cannot altogether stop fighting, must find some cheap form of fighting within reach of even the humblest. In the olden days such a problem never presented itself. Fighting was cheap. A first class club could be had anywhere; that, with a little paint and a few growls, made up the warrior's whole equipment. The Iroquois fought for centuries and were economically none the worse for it. But as mechanical devices increased the case was altered. Fighting demanded an equipment. The club became a muzzle loading pistol, then a six-shooter, and then a machine gun. Machinery and men worked ceaselessly year in and year out in the eternal preparation for war.

In the current year we spent 68 per cent of our appropriations for the expenses of past wars, 20 per cent for the upkeep of our army and navy. The 68 per cent

expended for past wars is composed of items like this: Pensions, war risk insurance, compensation for disabilities, the upkeep of soldiers' homes and hospitals, the vocational education of mutilated soldiers, the interest on the war debt. Only 12 per cent left for all other expenses of government. This government has spent 67 billion dollars since it was founded, and 58 billion dollars of that amount has been for war. General Pershing, head of the army, actually urges his countrymen to disarm. For he says that Congress will be called upon to pay 5,000,000 dollars for every working day in the year if the present armament program is carried out.

For equipment has become essential. Naked bravery is nowhere and the most perplexing thing about war equipment is that there is nothing absolute and final about it. A naval gun that could shoot five miles was once the wonder of the world, the salvation of a nation; it is now described as "obsolete," a low, mean, feeble thing; words are hard to find to indicate how poor it is. A fifteen inch gun will one day seem just as effective and what is worse, in each class and kind of equipment numbers count also. Simple though the proposition is, few people realize that there is no such thing as a strong navy; the phrase merely means stronger than someone else's, that is all. And if there are two or three nations more or less evenly matched, then the competitive building has no end; each new effort forces another. A naval budget of 50,000,000 pounds Sterling calls for a corresponding amount of American dollars or Japanese yen. However great the effort there is nothing in it that can be ultimate. It must be surpassed the next time. The taxpayer with his burden on his back struggles vainly always in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of security that dances out of reach over the marsh into which he sinks.

On the continent of Europe—this tragedy of competitive armament for war has run its course and ended in catastrophe. Where once were waving fields are solitary wastes, where vineyards flourished are now blackened hill slopes and for the frontiers of the warring nations, long lines of graves.

Let us turn now to the sea. The evil spirit that has devastated Europe threatens the same ruin on the ocean; threatens to overwhelm, in the disasters of a naval war, our sea borne commerce and with it the industry of nations. Let science go a little farther; let there be a few more improvements in the submarine, bombs a little heavier, more numerous mines and a few more college bred jackies with a better knowledge of trigonometry and the whole maritime industry of the world may be smashed into floating bits of debris with a few bubbles of oil floating on the surface of the sea.

Competitive expenditure limited only by the financial strength of the rivals strained always to the breaking point, makes straight for war. The burden becomes intolerable. National hatred germinates in the heat of the struggle. Industry itself becomes the mother of poverty, and peace is the stillness before the storm.

These plain facts are obscured by the false interests created by the situation. It appears as if the colossal war industries were sources of wealth. Looked at from the broad view of humanity, at large, the world is only poorer for war industries. A nation has only a certain amount of capital, a certain number of workers; put them to one task and you turn them from another; direct them to the arts of peace and their work is productive, resulting in a surplus of benefit; direct them to the arts of destruction and their work destroys itself and the fruit of other work with it. True it is that if one nation could be the armament makers for the others, itself fighting not at all, then by the exchange of goods armament making for that one nation would indeed produce wealth. But the nations cannot all live by armament making for the others.

The fact is that competitive armament by the great powers means ruin. It can have only that end. And from that ruin and that catastrophe there is no salvation save in general recognition of the danger in which we stand. The first aid in danger is the vision of the danger itself. Groping in the dark the world stumbles to disaster.

Surely there is a way to stop this madness. Surely civilized people, with the awfulness of the most Godless inventions and the barbarism of the late war, still before them, can reach some agreement to end this thing that the whole world is eager to end. Shall countries like Japan be allowed to continue to encroach on China and spend five dollars for warships to every one dollar it spends for education? The world brought to death thirty-five million people and its after effects are still bringing death to the famine-ridden countries of Europe. Are we any the better for the war? No! The world cries out against the tax burden created to pay for this horror. Another war may well be the death of civilization.

RONALD STONER.

* * *

TO THE SETTING SUN

Oh, Setting Sun, thou glorious sight,
E'er brimming with celestial light,
At ebb of day thou bringest a calm,
To tired hearts, an evening psalm.
Thou fadest into rosy hues
And sendest forth thy veils of blues.
The silver moon thy place she asks,
As on thou rollest to other tasks.

DOROTHY TODD.

The Shadow Lady

IT WAS the Fourth of July; and all Chicago seemed to be rushing up the gangplank of the Christopher Columbus bent on a holiday excursion to Milwaukee.

At five minutes before ten the Rush Street dock was crowded with anxious parents trying to carry their luggage with one hand and hold on to their children with the other, and with Yellow Cabs unloading their cargo of late comers, who had hailed a cab as the last resort of getting to the boat in time.

An observer might have happened to note a party of four hurriedly enter the hold of the boat. They were neat appearing, well-dressed individuals, Mrs. Smithson and her daughter Dorothy, and Mrs. Fairbanks and her adopted daughter, Virginia. Virginia was the name found on the bit of paper pinned to the child's clothing when she was found on the doorstep of the Fairbanks' home seventeen years before. Mrs. Fairbanks having no children of her own and noticing that Virginia's clothes and general appearance indicated that she had come from a seemingly good family, decided to keep her. She had never regretted her decision, for Virginia had always been a dutiful, lovable, and attractive child. Dorothy Smithson, her senior by one-half year, had been Virginia's most intimate friend and chum for the past two years, in fact ever since the Fairbanks had moved to Winnetka. Dorothy was not quite as attractive as Virginia but she was a good sensible girl always ready to have a good time, and the two had become inseparable companions.

"All aboard," cried the ticket collector, and after a shrill whistle the gangplank was pulled in. Next could be heard the pumping of the little tug-boat as it pulled its heavy load out into Lake Michigan.

"My! Wasn't that exciting?," giggled Dorothy. "We almost missed our boat."

"Dorothy," asked Virginia, "did you notice anyone looking at us from the dock before we entered the boat?"

Wishing her daughter to be awake to any snare, Mrs. Fairbanks had told Virginia a few years before of her having been left on her doorstep. This had been the one dark spot in her otherwise bright and happy life, and she was thinking of this very thing when she asked the question.

"You must have imagined it," replied Dorothy, who always tried to make her forget this sad part of her life. "Let's go up on the third deck and watch Chicago move out of sight."

They succeeded in finding four vacant chairs on the side facing shore. But they were hardly seated when Virginia noticed the same woman who had watched her on the dock seated only a few feet away. She was a well-dressed woman but she had a scar on the left side of her cheek which made her features somewhat unpleasant, especially so to Virginia who could imagine many things which might concern this woman and herself.

The minute Virginia looked at her, the woman turned away, but intuition told Virginia that she was being watched. Not being able to stand it any longer and

not wanting to say anything about it, she asked Dorothy to go down to the refreshment room with her to get a glass of lemonade.

They had just received their order, when whom should Virginia notice sitting two tables away but this woman. Again she felt as if she were being watched.

"I don't believe I want my lemonade," said Virginia, rather nervously. "There's the music; let's go into the reception room and watch them dance."

"Why, Virginia Fairbanks!" said Dorothy, "I'm surprised. What's the matter with you—are you sick? I never knew you to refuse lemonade before!"

"Oh—er, I'm all right," said Virginia, "but do let's hurry;"

Dorothy, knowing Virginia well enough to realize that she would tell her what the trouble was in due time, accompanied her into the reception room.

The music seemed to bring back all of Virginia's composure. She was dreamily looking at the opposite wall when who should loom up before her but the very woman she was trying to avoid. She was looking directly at Virginia, and actually smiled at her. The scowling smile probably caused by the position of the scar on her face made Virginia shudder. She felt the apprehension more than she could stand alone; she must tell Dorothy.

Dorothy, always resourceful, suggested that they go down to the little room in the hold where free table space could be obtained by those having their own basket lunches.

"If we go down there," reasoned Dorothy, "I think we shall avoid her unless she means to follow us, for she is evidently wealthy and will get her dinner in the restaurant."

They withdrew from the salon by the nearest exit and went to the lunch room, ordered some Green River and awaited results. They did not have to wait long before this woman entered the doorway.

"What can that woman want?" exclaimed Dorothy. "Let's go up and tell mother about it."

"I'm perfectly willing," replied Virginia, "I just have to tell someone, for I can't help thinking that it might be someone who knows of my parentage."

Upon hearing the girls' story, Mrs. Fairbanks, though somewhat uneasy, tried to laugh away the gloom from the girls' minds.

"You girls had better sit down and rest yourselves before lunch; a fresh breeze has just come up over the lake and you will feel better if you enjoy it."

The girls soon became interested in watching objects on shore and had just succeeded in making out Racine, Wisconsin, when who should appear on the third deck but the mysterious woman.

"Look!" whispered Dorothy, "there she is, just in front of that tall man leaning against the rail. Ugh, isn't that smile terrible? Why, I believe she is coming this way!"

"Pardon me," said the woman, when she had come up to the group, "I believe I have caused considerable excitement by my suspicious conduct on shipboard."

"Well," replied Mrs. Fairbanks, "the girls have noticed you watching them, I'll admit."

"If you will allow me," continued the woman, "I will try and explain."

The girls eagerly assented.

"It's a long story," began the woman, "but I'll try to make it as brief as possible, so that I will have finished before the boat docks at Milwaukee. Virginia, of course, does not know me as well as I know her and so I will introduce myself. I am Mrs. Corbin, a cousin of Virginia's mother."

"Oh," exclaimed Virginia, "do you know of my mother—have you heard from her lately?"

"Yes, yes, child," continued the woman, "and that is why I am here today. Seventeen years ago, your mother contracted an incurable disease. Since she was a widow of meager circumstances, she was worried over your future. I, as the closest living relative, offered to take you and bring you up as one of my own, but she would not have it as she thought that I had enough care with my own six children. She said that she had heard of a family who had no children of their own, and who apparently loved them, because their house was usually full of young people of the neighborhood, and so your mother decided that she would leave you on the door step of this home. After you had been received into this home, your mother went to the Home for Incurables to live. I have gone to see her a few times there and every time she has asked me to say a word to you about her whereabouts or anything that concerned her, since she did not want to cast any shadow over your life, if you were happy in your new home. Two years ago, I was called to the bedside of your mother; she was passing away. Her last wish was that I might find out whether you were happy or not, and if not, to take you to live with me; but if you were apparently contented, to leave you alone. For the last two years I have spent much of my spare time looking for you; since you had moved, I lost track of you. Today, while standing on the dock bidding good-bye to some of my friends, who were returning to Milwaukee, I noticed you and your friends entering the boat and decided to follow you, as you already know. I only intended to do some spying on you to determine whether or not you were happy amid your present surroundings, but I fear that my spying became too open and bold, and therefore I decided to tell everything so that I might put you at ease. It is evident that Virginia is contented and happy in her present home, Mrs. Fairbanks, and I think she will remain with you unless you wish to give her up," concluded Mrs. Corbin, with a smile.

The smile did not seem at all like the former one to Virginia. In fact, it seemed as if the scar had disappeared entirely to be replaced by lovable features, which were really the expressions of her magnetic personality. As Virginia had not known her mother, her death did not affect her very much; but she was deeply touched by the unselfish devotion which her mother had shown toward her and was greatly relieved to think that at last the mystery of her parentage was solved.

It was a happy party, including Mrs. Corbin, which arrived at Chicago at ten o'clock that night; and indeed, this was not the last of these parties for Virginia and Dorothy became better acquainted with Mrs. Corbin and many happy hours were spent by these two girls with Virginia's cousins.

MARY SANFORD.

The Substitution

WHEN John Rivers, the captain of the Greenville five, reported to the boys of the team that Alvin Scott, the star floor guard could not play because the manager insisted that his friend George Wood be given a chance to show his wares, there was almost a riot.

In fact, if the manager, a man of middle age and very selfish, could have been present and listened to the conversation between the boys of the squad, his ears would have been ignited. But while the excitement was at its height, Alvin arose and faced the group:

"See here, fellows," he said, "can I have a word to say?"

The boys grew silent.

"Sure," spoke up William, his running mate, "you are the one most concerned. Give us your opinion."

"All right," said Alvin, "now I am going to take issue with you. It would be very foolish to forfeit the game because George Wood wants to play. By all means let him play. There will be no surer way of disposing of his basket-ball ambitions. He will not play another game to be sure, even if Tim Johnson, the manager, is 'sweet on him'."

The boys all stared at Alvin. They did not at once grasp his meaning.

Then John Rivers saw it.

"Boys," he cried, "there is sense in what Alvin says. Listen!"

"That is the best way to dispose of that affair," said Alvin, calmly. "If we refuse wholly to permit him to play, there will be talk about the town that he has been treated unfairly. There will be more sympathy for him. Now none of us believe that he knows the game well enough to stay in it for a single period. Let him go in at first. I feel sure that he will be glad to get out of it of his own accord after a few minutes of play; he has neither the endurance nor the skill to play,—well enough to suit the fans."

The boys agreed that Alvin had the right idea, except that he must play while some other player stepped out. John Rivers called attention to the fact that George wanted to play the position that Alvin played.

"That is all right," said Jim Long, "let him play it, and Alvin can play in my position. I think Alvin ought to play because we must put up our strongest line-up against Judson."

"Fellows," Alvin said, "I think we had better stick to the plan I suggested. I will remain on the sidelines. If Wood makes good, then there will be no fault to find. But if he fails, then you can put me in. It will at least stop all talk that we have not given him a fair show and that we are keeping him out of the game from prejudice."

The boys at last agreed that this was the best plan. So it was arranged that word be sent to Wood that he could play in Scott's position. The eager manager was also informed concerning the decision of the team.

The next afternoon, when the boys all went to the gym to practice the manager and his famous protege were on hand. The manager seemed to be pleased, though there was a smile in his deep-set brown eyes.

"I am glad that you boys have seen the right of this thing," he said. "Now, I want you to treat George with the respect and favor due him. He will do his best to help you win the game. Hereafter, I hope that he will receive fair treatment."

This statement came near overthrowing the whole arrangement. When the boys heard it, only the energetic efforts of John Rivers kept them from running up and telling Johnson what they thought of him.

Greenville High had a coach who ranked as one of the best in the game because of his remarkable ability in developing winning teams. Just seven more days remained before the Greenville varsity five would clash with the unbeaten Judson crew. How remarkable, it would be to see two famous basket-ball fives in action to determine the whose-who of the State of Indiana. But Greenville had not expected their famous mentor to be called away just when they needed him most to prepare the team for its greatest contest. Neither did they expect the team to be placed under the leadership or direction of Tim Johnson, who was very unpopular with most of the team for the despicable fellow that he was, but Coach Wilson didn't know Johnson's bad traits and placed him in charge of the team because he had been instrumental in seeing this big game on the home floor.

However, conditions could not be remedied and the team had too much respect for their coach to complain and disregard his choice. They were well assured that Wood would get all of the basket-ball he wanted in about five minutes of fast play.

Manager Johnson put the team through a week of hard scrimmage—alternating Wood and Scott at the floor guard position. Everything went fine all week with the exception of Johnson's preference for Wood at right guard in place of Scott, which often took the pep out of the regulars, making them lack confidence in their own hopes for victory, a victory which would place them on the pinnacle of basket fame and give them peace of mind, as the team had been pointed for the game of its career.

At last the day of days had come with the Greenville warriors determined to do or die in spite of Wood, Johnson or anybody else. Half of Greenville, two-thirds of Judson, and all of the high school students of the respective schools were gathered together to see a contest that promised to surpass anything previous in high school meets, and the stands of the gym fairly shook with excited fans.

The Greenville eight were cheered repeatedly by the enthusiastic rooters. Their green and white suits made them look neat and graceful. They went through their drill with the usual amount of speed.

Alvin was probably the greatest attraction on the floor, as he was cheered often by his numerous friends when he made a basket from a difficult angle or pulled down a poor pass.

The Judson team appeared unusually strong and the same team had defeated Greenville on two former occasions and were out to repeat their victory, which would probably give them another championship, which meant a beautiful silver cup, together with all the glory and honor that attends a victorious team. The other teams of Joseph County were weak and easy to defeat when they encountered the strong Judson or Greenville fives. It had come to be a matter of great strategy between the mentors of the respective teams in pointing their team for this time.

Moreover, Greenville had been strengthened by the services of Alvin Scott who had recently moved to Greenville. He was considered a great find although he was yet to prove his wares against real opposition. The Judsons had heard concerning his prowess and now his every move attracted considerable attention. The excitement of the evening had reached its highest state. The suspense was great, in spite of the numerous yells and ovations accorded the rival teams.

The Greenville five lined up as follows:

John Rivers (Capt.), Rt. F.

George Wood, Rt. Guard.

William Duncan, Lt. F.

James Long, Center.

Martin Swanson, Lt. Guard.

Wood was taking the place of Alvin Scott who was expected to play the difficult position floor guard. Every player of basket-ball knows what it is to be a good floor guard. The success of the team depends largely upon the floor guard's ability to play both the defensive and the offensive.

The referee blew his whistle and the game was on.

The Greenville center out-jumped his man so the home boys had the best chance to score immediately. Rivers received the tip-off from his center and dribbled it a short distance and then passed it to Duncan, who carried it almost to the goal only to lose the ball when Wood fumbled on a short swift pass. If Wood had kept his head Greenville would undoubtedly have scored.

Then there followed a long desperate scrimmage, and the ball exchanged hands many times. It was a nip and tuck affair, but it was seen that at no time was Wood in the game.

In fact, the Greenville boys were playing without the aid of a floor-guard as far as actual benefit received from Wood was concerned. Wood did a great deal of running and dribbling, when he received the ball on a pass, committing fouls and making a great show, but he never was in the mixup and kept away from the Judson fellows when they had the ball. There was, in fact, almost a riot in the crowd. Wood was hissed and denounced, and there were loud calls for the manager to take him out. Wood did not hear these, or at least attempted not to, but ran around in a lordly fashion, as if he were the whole show.

After Judson had increased their score from eight to ten, Greenville was getting discouraged. Then there happened an incident that changed things decidedly. Wood once more received the ball, got into a lively mix-up, although he tried to avoid it by getting rid of the ball anyway he could. He was caught between two opposing players and hurled to the floor with such a force that he lost one of his front teeth. He lay there while the referee called time out.

It was clear to all that Wood had no place in a hotly contested game of basketball. In fact, the referee asked John Rivers why Wood was playing. John Rivers winked and said: "Tell him that he is unable to play. We don't want him to play any more."

"I have no right to do that; your coach takes care of that end of it."

"Well," said John Rivers firmly, "we have given him a fair trial. I will tell it to him forcibly."

So the captain walked over to the prostrate Wood.

"Well, Woodie, you had better go to the dressing room and rest for a while, you have had enough glory for one day."

Wood mumbled a few words in protest, without making any attempt to leave. "I order you to the dressing room!" replied the angered captain. "You are badly injured and cannot go on; do you want us to lose this game?"

"I am not injured, and I am going to continue playing," said Wood, stiffly. "You can't throw me out that way. I know what you want to do it for. You want to humiliate me before the crowd by putting Alvin Scott in my place."

"Well, if you call that humiliation, then it is so," said John. "Come over here, boys," said John, with a wink, to the other players—"this poor chap is badly hurt. His bravery demands that he continue to play, but it is plain that he is not physically able. So take him forcibly for his own good to the dressing rooms for repairs. It looks as though he ought to see a dentist at once."

Wood, however, not wishing to be the object of ridicule and humiliation before his own home crowd, suddenly decided to go without the aid of the boys.

In the meantime the manager was gritting his teeth and saying nothing. He couldn't come out on the floor and intercede in Wood's behalf because it was against the rules, and it would bring him into still greater disfavor with the crowd. He realized that he had made a sad mistake by putting Wood in when the game started, as Judson High was already on the long end of the score which now stood 12 to 8, with the half nearly over. When the whistle blew to start, after the brief interval of rest, a great shout went up as Alvin was to play. Alvin went into the game coolly but with grim determination to pull the game out of the fire for his team, and to show Greenville that he deserved his position on the team.

After one minute of scrimmage, following the substitution, the half ended with the Judson's score increased by two more points.

The second half started with an unusual amount of snap and pep, as a result of a good rub-down and a few minutes of apology and cheer from the manager.

Wood had also made amends for his stubbornness, and was now an eager spectator cheering his team loudly to victory. Aside from his desire to play for praise and his stubbornness, Wood was not such a bad lot and could even win popularity at times.

The captain of the Judson five displayed unusual skill in making field baskets from any angle. Alvin had watched him closely when on the side lines and observed his spectacular methods of shooting. The play was so much better and faster than it was in the first half, that the smooth working winning combination of Greenville struck its regular stride with the result that it almost immediately scored a goal, which threw the fans into a fury of delight and excitement. They were kept on edge every second of the play.

Up and down the floor went the ball, first in the possession of one team and then the other. Time after time a Greenville player would attempt to shoot only to have the play broken up by the strong Judson defense. John Rivers was a traveling marvel.

There were plays so brilliant that time after time, the stone wall defense of the Greenville boys was greeted with tremendous outbursts of applause.

But at last, when it seemed as if neither team could possibly score from the field, there was a startling change. Alvin, who had been instrumental in breaking up shots and feeding the ball to the forwards and center, suddenly rushed down the floor, and with a terrific leap sphered the oval in mid-air which had been intended to fall into the hands of a Judson player as a result of a pass from the Judson captain. Alvin dribbled it along for a rod or more and to all appearances he intended to pass it to Duncan, his running mate, as he usually did, but with a sudden dexterous reverse turned toward his own goal, just as he was about to be attacked by a rival player, beautifully eluding him, suddenly shot. The prettily arched ball nearly took off the net, so heatedly did it pass through the hoop. That proved to be the deciding basket as it put the home boys in the lead 19 to 18.

The fans went wild. Alvin was cheered repeatedly.

The next moment with the ball in Greenville's possession there came the thundering of a gun which was the signal that meant victory and defeat. The game was over and Greenville was the proud city to reap the spoils of victory.

It was again Alvin's brilliant defense as well as his beautiful breath-taking shots from the middle of the floor that pulled the game out of the fire for Greenville when defeat seemed so certain.

The fans rushed down from the stands and grabbing the players, hoisted them to their shoulders and paraded around the floor twice before yielding to the players' urgent pleas to be allowed to leave for the showers.

When the boys left the gym there was a vast throng outside ready to receive them with George Wood the most enthusiastic. Wood was a repentant sinner and felt the disgrace keenly, hence his desire to redeem himself.

Alvin, however, was not to be found by his eager fans; he slipped quietly through the rear entrance and hurried home. He wanted to tell his dear old mother, who shared his successes and his misfortunes equally with him, of his good fortune.

"I hope this will be a symbol of your whole life, Alvin," she said. "You will always win success, I hope."

Alvin's only reply was to throw his arms about his mother in an old-fashioned bear hug, accompanied by a shower of kisses, which made his mother beg for relief.

ISADORE SIMONS.

* * *

DUBITUM AD IPSUM

Come and be happy while ye may;
 Time passes swiftly while you're waiting.
 Leave your work and come to play,
 'Tis spring and the world's time for mating.
 The hill-sides are green and the flowers are fair;
 The meadows are bright with the golden sunshine.
 The birds are calling from everywhere;
 Let us drink of nature as of sweet wine.
 Be not troubled by what is to come,
 Today has enough to busy the mind.
 Each day brings duties which must be done;
 And every man his place shall find.
 Though ye are tired, fight hard and long,
 Meet all the world with a cheery song.

FRANCIS KULP.

* * *

MY LIFE

My life has sailed on Sorrow,
 A sea of vicious waves;
 My life has sailed on Trouble,
 About a million days.
 And now I near the distant port,
 A place I'm called to rest;
 This life has been so very short,
 But God knows what is best.

(AUTHOR IN HIDING).



The Daily Disappointment

Published by Frances Hartman

Vol. X

FRIDAY, 13, 1940

No. XIII

Thirteenth Attempt at Suicide

Frederick Christy, a pioneer resident of this section, attempted suicide for the thirteenth time last night after Widow Montgomery again proposed. "The annual excitement must not continue," stated Constable Todd after the rescue. In her opinion a man may sink in the Sea of Matrimony but cannot drown in the local mill pond.

Brother Christy is a veteran of the world's greatest wars, having been married three times. He thinks himself incapable of entering into any more life agreements which according to the gentleman's statements, are not filled with the serene tranquility as expected.

BOLD ROBBERY

A daring hold up took place last evening about 7:30 at the corner of Main and Jefferson streets. A noted clubman hit Mrs. Feelingworse, formerly Miss Peregrine, over the head and escaped with thirty cents in change. Mrs. Feelingworse is now feeling better but she has not altogether recovered from the shock. Chief of Police Murvihill has a rifle squad on the trail of the bandit.

LIVES UP TO NAME

Farmer Burdette Tatlock who broke his arm on a mule last week was a visitor at the Marine and Shinabarger insurance office this morning. It seems Mr. Tatlock had collision insurance on that animal. The quadruped's name is Cyclone.

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—One Ford sedan with five wheels. Call 50 and ask for Miss Mabel Sholes.

LOST—One narrow mind. Reward if returned to owner. No questions asked. See Miss Nellie Loomis, at Specht-Finney's.

PERSONAL—Loring please come home. The Cadillac has a flat tire and Frederic cries for you. Signed: JOHN O.

STRAYED, STOLEN, OR SWALLOWED—One set of false teeth. Handicaps owner to great extent. Return of missing property will be welcomed. Write Doctor Stoner, Lock Box, H2-S04.

GARAGE—In the spring a young man's thoughts nightly turn to gasoline. Ellis and Kull for taxi service. Night rides a specialty. General Garage Work.

WARNING—It is unlawful for any person to let his chickens run at large. Citizens violating this ordinance are liable to prosecution. Signed: FRANCES TILTON, A. B., B. B., F. B., H. O. and Street Commissioner.

NOTICE—The new Dodge records have arrived. Come in and get your favorite. Lively models will display fashionable suits and coats every evening at our store. The Ladies' Shop. BARTHOLOMEW & PARKER.

Late News Now Known

The big financier, Mains, sent in his bid for Muscle Shoals late yesterday afternoon. It is expected congress will act upon this question some time next week. Senator Albright is helping Mains present the subject. The local banker has been interested in the project for some time. The buying of the Muscle tract will undoubtedly make him the strongest man in this section.

Kid Coyer was knocked out by Leslie Gaston in the Madison Square arena last night. Promoter Wark is at present attempting to match Gaston with Dempsey.

Druggist Willie Low cut his thumb off today while filling a prescription for a pork sandwich.

Health Officer Wheeler ran into the Crystal Ice-cream Parlor yesterday in her new Marmon roadster. Horse power has been sufficiently developed in the motor. What we need is a little horse sense in the driver.

Editor Disappointment: Please announce that I will be a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of treasurer of Porter county, subject to the decision of the Republican primary to be held May 2, 1941.

MISS RUTH NEFF.

Mr. H. Oldham, the local meat carver, insists that green quiets the nerves. This is especially true of green backs.

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TRADE AT HOME

We are in receipt of a communication from a local business man giving his views on Valparaiso people who shop in Chicago.

"July 13, 1940.

"Dear Editor:

"We wish to express our opinion on the much talked of question of buying in Chicago. Little do the people realize or appreciate the trouble to which we local dealers go in order that our customers may have quality and quantity. Our goods are reliable and theirs cannot be depended upon. Unsatisfactory orders may be returned to local shops but the loss is suffered by you alone if the purchase was made in Chicago. I have endeavored to make one point in my speech. Don't go to Chicago and get held up. Come to Deery's & Izzy's Clothing Store.

"All shoes shined while you wait. Just the think before a date."

"Yours truly,

"DEERY & IZZY."

CRYSTAL Ice Cream Parlor

DAINTY ICES, ICE CREAM
AND LIGHT LUNCHEON

ESKIMO PIES
our Specialty

Dancing 12 P. M. to 3 A. M.

Music furnished by Radio from
the famous Syncopated Septette
at Honolulu

Miss Catherine Darst lectured before the teachers' institute last Saturday. This lady is a school teacher of ability and has been assistant to County Superintendent Nixon for some time.

Daniel Erwin, who is now on the art staff of the Chicago Fashion Sheet, was married by Justice Shephard yesterday afternoon. Miss Ketchum, a 1922 graduate of the Valparaiso High School, caught Dan and now goes under the title of Mrs. Erwin.

William Johnston, the local fire chief, thinks the fire at the Wininger and Wyman Store was due to an overhated argument between Kulp and Kuehl, the soda fountain clerks.

Doris Hodges was unanimously elected to the presidency of the Ladies' Chamber of Commerce. There were no other candidates.

Mary Sanford of the Kiddie Kar Company, through her attorney, R. Benjamin, filed suit in Justice Shephard's court against Tom Clifford, who is head of the Tricycle Trust. Infringement on patent right is the complaint.

Dorothy Dee, the local song bird, has just finished Prof. Cavanaugh's course in "How to Play the Piano." Miss Dee and Tenor Corboy will leave for Chicago soon to take places in grand opera.

Prohibition Agent Mitzner was in town this morning. He is spending the day with his old schoolmate, Edward Billings, who is proprietor of the Crystal Ice-cream Parlor.

EXTRA!!!—

Mr. Mitzner and Mr. Billings were handled before Justice Shephard this afternoon. Mitzner was held for falling down a coal hole without the owner's consent and Bachelor Billings was arrested for cruelty to old maids. Officer Bryarly made the catch in the Alcohol Restaurant on Prohibition Avenue.

We write the best policy
in the United States for
AREOPLANES
FIRE, THEFT and
COLLISION

Full investigation invited

Marine & Shinabarger

19th floor Chamber of Commerce
Building

SPECIAL SALE
Ladies' Knicker Suits

For This Week Only
\$50 — Values — \$25

"The Store Ahead"

10 Floors Flooded With
Sunlight

Wyman & Winniger

Choicest cuts of Meats.
Poultry of all Kinds.
Wild game received each
week from Alaska via
Star Air Route.

H. Oldham, Prop.
The Palace Meat Market

Class Will of 1922

WE, the Class of 1922, of Valparaiso High School, City of Valparaiso, County of Porter, State of Indiana, being of strong mind and considering our approaching demise as high school students, and wishing to dispose of our property, both real and personal, do announce and publish this as our last will and testament:

First—We request those later mentioned to personally attend our funeral which we insist shall be held in Memorial Opera House. That our name and accounts of our fame be carefully inscribed in the most conspicuous places in the building, that the classes to follow may ever be reminded of the class who so nobly marched through the Valparaiso High School.

Second—We do lovingly and lawfully bequeath to the class of 1923 the unreserved right to take ten months to do the work we did in nine; further to so succeed in the Chemistry Laboratory that Mr. Pauley may have the right to say, "You are the second best class I have taught in the V. H. S."

Third—From the various members of this celebrated class, we do will and bequeath:

Mariann's oratorical ability to Alice Dayton.

Autie's popularity to "T" McMillen.

Ed's prominence as class President to Ralph Brenner of 1923.

Gertrude Cavanaugh's ability to render delightful solos to "Fat" McWhinney.

Fred and Pete's genius for illustrating, cartooning, etc., to any students who are so inclined.

Charles Coyer's genius as "Wizard of the Violin" to Earl Bernhardt.

Catherine Darst's loyalty to our class to her sister Beatrice.

Dorothy Dee's and Blanche Winger's everlasting friendship to Verona Hicks and Marian Bell.

Dot Dodge's ability to accomplish with success anything and everything she sets out to do to Phil Corboy.

Paul's alertness and wisdom in Chemistry to John Lytle.

Dan's love for "Wimmin'" to Byron Wright.

Frances Hartman's aptness for study to Rachael Thatcher.

Doris Hodge's quiet nature to Margaret Dee.

Annette Ketchum's, Lyal Kuehl's, Frances Kulp's, and Ruth Benjamin's studiousness to the "Bluebloods."

Mid Kull's quick wit to Ida Campbell.

Izzy Simon's stature to Nate Worstell.

Nellie Loomis' and Dorothy Todd's partnership to Alice Parker and Nuisv McGill.

Emily Marine's dramatic ability and solid mentality to "Crazy" Foster.

Glenn Mitzner's adaptness for painless extraction of money for dues to the Treasurer of '23.

Ruth Montgomery's and Dorothy Wark's ingenuity in Chemistry Lab, to Delphine Corson and Ethel Krudup.

Joe Murvihill's bashfulness to Pat Hauff and Harry Hildreth.

Ruth Neff's and Mildred Peregrine's good-nature to Ethel Schrag, who has plenty now.

Russ Nixon's "saxaphone wails" to young Doc.

Hod Oldham's affectionate nature to Woodburn McCallum.

Mary Sanford's dignity and intelligence to Marie Kendall.

Margaret Shinabarger's skill in handling "Brenner's" to Ruth Vevia.

Randall Shepard's cleverness as class photographer to Leonard Spooner.

Elizabeth Wyman's talkativeness to Ann Murvihill.

Lucille Wheeler's quiet disposition to Rosaline Radkey.

Art Mains' correct position in dancing to Wayne Zerber.

Burdette Tatlock's liveliness to Leslie Gaston.

Frances Tilton's skill in debating to Miladi Leetz.

Mabel Shole's speed in typewriting to Milton Leetz.

Ronald Stoner's masterful voice to Martin Wheeler.

To this last will and testament do we affix our hand and seal on this twenty-sixth day of May, A. D., Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

5. School opens on Labor Day (an appropriate day) with the assembly singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The battle's just started.
6. Late comers find themselves at the head of the assembly with seats on the platform.
7. Conflicts with French I numerous. Wonder if the item in the paper that a great many French girls are coming to America can have anything to do with the trouble?
8. Eighth graders are being initiated into the trials of Freshmen by studying in the assembly.
9. End of the first week of school. Cheer up, there's only 35 more.
12. Seniors elect officers.
Marian Albright moves to the Annex and is home to all visitors between 8:30 and 9:00 a. m.
13. Mr. Jessee startles the Frosh by turning the daily program into a long algebra assignment with just a mere twist of the wrist.
16. First chilly day. The girls roll 'em up.
19. Miss Benney informs us we are to hand in our bibliographies next week. That has nothing to do with your knowledge of the Bible.
20. Is Rev. Carpenter hungry? He talks of donated dinners and rabbits this morning.
21. I was expecting a talk by A. A. Canvass this morning from the notice on the board, and along comes the Athletic Association canvassing quarters.
22. Miss Mannon wants us to put our voices out doors.
23. Freshies take their first spelling lesson in H. S. and wondered at the echo, as whenever Mr. Jessee gave a word it immediately resounded in the back of the room.
27. Rev. Burns would make a good yell leader. I nominate him, I think he can, I think he can, I think he can!
29. Miss Mannon asks for a cry of distress and the assembly moans.
30. We learn that Mr. Jessee thinks funny things.

OCTOBER

1. We win a football game from Hammond. Score 6-2.
4. At Miss Benney's command, Mr. Jessee gives us our Tuesday morning speech.
5. Mr. Pauley asks Clarissa Ely how peroxide is used in bleaching hair.
6. Miss Seib adopts the higher forms of hair dress.
7. English V celebrates Riley Day. Ivan Hayhurst makes his bow, as a good child should.
10. Mr. Boucher fires away at us for morning exercises. Fire-Prevention Week, so to speak.
11. Father Mungoven says, "Don't be a criminal." He points to the north side of the assembly; "be good,"—then he points to the south side.

12. They kid us and make us think it's Friday by having spelling this morning.
13. The whole H. S. sings "We're Out of Wind," so they send us out for air.
14. Spelling again? We've had it once this week.
17. "Bones" Corson takes a walk—back to her seat, as it were.
18. Rev. Burns says we look fresh; but we aren't.
19. It takes more than rain to spoil our weenie roast. How about a cyclone?
24. Peggy Timmons mends her socks the first period; nothing like being handy.
25. Russ Nixon gets tired of sitting on the chair in Chem. and tries the floor; then Frances Tilton follows his example in the Assembly.
26. Mert Dowdell was nearly hung in Civics today.
27. Seniors have a cap parade in the assembly.
28. English V gives a program on Theodore Roosevelt, opened by George Bentley and closed by Mr. Jessee.
31. Everyone is sleepy this morning. Could Hallowe'en have anything to do with it?
Miss Welty amuses herself by playing with the lights.

NOVEMBER

1. "Use or Lose," Rev. Burns says.
Someone called a liter a litter. Think of a litter of hydrogen.
2. Mr. Jessee reads us some letters he got. I'll bet the kids had a swell time when he was going with his wife?
Who's the great hummer in the assembly?
3. Prospects look good for a holiday, Brown Day.
Phil Corboy plays with the lights.
4. The student body does not keep its word, but Mr. Jessee does and lets us off for Brown Day.
7. The Seniors give examples of excellent English this morning, B'Gosh. Ruth Neff says she can't jingle English very well, but she sure can cook.
8. Mr. Breath delivers a speech on good English.
The Civic class votes for city officials. Gertrude Cavanaugh can't vote.
Tough luck!
9. Rev. Burns tells us that there is a Bible written in slang. I'll bet Jonah says "Great Fishes."
10. Ruth Montgomery says she is not a Senior but a Seniorita.
11. At eleven o'clock the students actually kept still for three minutes. Another half holiday. O Boy!
14. Mr. Jessee gives a lecture on copying. Lucille Wheeler says she's glad of it as she never gets anything new until all the girls imitate it.
15. Ronald Stoner claims he developed his wonderful voice by calling in the cows.
Some one stole the clock. He'll serve time for that.
16. Everyone needing a fountain pen went up to the desk and tried his luck.
We had another fire; Hot Dog!
The clock came back.
17. All who had their pictures taken Saturday and Sunday are discussing their faces pro and con.

18. Dot Dodge takes a nap when the lights go out.
A Disarmament Conference is held in Civics.
21. Mr. Jessee shows us our standing with normal students.
22. A little boy with a squeaky voice and squeaky shoes comes to see Miss Welty.
23. The orchestra favors us with a tune. Charles Coyer plays a violin solo.
School dismisses for Thanksgiving vacation.
28. Everyone back to school. Mr. Jessee must have got the wish bone out of his turkey and wished for a new Ford Sedan.
29. Mr. Jessee gets two speakers for today. Did they flip the coin to see who would talk?
30. The last day of the month. Nearly Xmas. Russ Nixon wants a pair of stilts.

DECEMBER

1. It rained on the first day of December.
Miss Mannon wants us to come up on a touchdown.
2. The Seniors select their rings and pins.
Ernie Lembke enjoys an afternoon chew on the platform.
Valpo beats Elkhart.
5. At last Harry Field got a hair cut. With the leavings he made a nice pillow.
Everyone is to mail his Xmas presents this week and avoid the rush.
Everyone's dues are announced but the Freshies'; they must have a lot of coin.
6. Rev. Carpenter speaks to us about recreation.
7. Miss Benney loses her fountain pen with red ink in it. We don't get any more grades.
8. We still sing "Football Day." The song will come in handy next year.
Why doesn't somebody fall off the platform?
9. Everyone is anxious to hear Saxonix.
The Vaudeville is a great success. Every seat sold and the candy vanishes into the mouths of babes.
12. Grade cards handed out.
Willard Lowe tries to vamp a seventh grader.
13. Rev. Mitchell addresses us for the last time.
Miss Sieb returns.
14. We have visitors from Chesterton to see how our school is run.
15. Miss Mannon plays us a very difficult piece on the Victrola.
Miss Humphrey sings.
Mr. Jessee illustrates gum chewing.
16. If somebody doesn't fall off the platform, I'll do it myself.
19. One more week till Xmas vacation.
The Seniors were to give their orations in English today. Nobody stirred.
20. Mr. Jessee plays with the clock again. "Turn backward, turn backward,
Oh Time in thy flight; Give me some hair just for tonight."
21. Rev. Mungovan tells us to jingle. I'm broke.
The J. U. G. Club gets bawled out for being slow. Step on her girls!
22. Phil Corboy sings us a song.

The string quintet and Ruth Hershman and Eva Roach favor us with some selections.

Dorothy Dee sings us to sleep.

Today is visitor's day. All the old students come back.

24. English V presents the Christmas Carol, starring Ivan Hayhurst.
The faculty all get presents.

JANUARY

9. Back again. Irene Szold goes to a Cemetery (a dead place).
Herb Mitchell comes back to school.
10. Willard Lowe gets a pair of green socks from his colleen.
11. Dick Randall George Shepherd (Gee Whiz) takes some pictures without any films.
12. Nellie Loomis favors a matinee dance if we have it in the evening.
13. Seniors have a skating party. There was such a crowd, only seven were able to skate.
14. Emerson beats Valpo. We can't always win.
16. Exams this week. Very cheerful announcement.
17. They say Fred Christy draws dandy flies.
18. We study our programmes.
H. M. J. thinks we're endowed with the occult science of mindreading.
19. Exams!
Miss Sieb told Russ to tie his pony outside.
20. More exams.
Miss Benney asked everything Margaretta Shinabarger knew.
There were six questions.
23. Freshies arrive. They are given a room in our annex.
24. Mildred Kull tries to sing the assembly to sleep.
25. Howard Oldham says he'd like to be vamped.
26. Today marks "The Coming of Arthur" (Mains).
27. Seniors have a matinee dance. The sewing teacher is the "Life" of the party.
30. Dot Dodge says if she could play the shoe horn, she could run an orchestra all by herself.
31. Mr. Jesse starts a series of lectures on "The More You Eat, the More You Want."

FEBRUARY

1. A pair of galoshes flapped away from the girls' hallway.
2. Autumn B. says she can just spring around in the summer but can't do a thing in the winter.
3. Spelling for the first time this term. No, Constance, you can't influence the faculty with mental telepathy for the omission of spelling.
6. The matinee dance Friday was a success. Pete, stop dancing cheek-to-cheek with Timmy.
7. The speaker is sick this morning. Nice for the kids who have to take notes on speeches.
8. Francis Hartman proposes to Burdette Tatlock and gets turned down. Have a heart, man.

9. We now have a male quartette on the platform every morning.
10. Ruth Benjamin dolls all up to get her picture taken for the annual and it up and rains.
13. Mildred Peregrine might appear green, but she's not. She's—well—read.
14. We hear once more that Lincoln was born in a log cabin.
15. Gee, Miss Ashton takes "Lucky's" Whiz Bang.
16. Miss Ashton is telling jokes to the faculty.
17. The assembly was turned into a movie house. The film presented was "The Evils of Cigarets," featuring the well known health wrecker, Nick O. Teen.
20. Annette Ketchum says her trouble with fellows is that she can "ketch 'em" but can't "keep 'em."
21. Blanche Wininger gets puts out of typewriting. That's what she gets by pounding the poor little keys.
22. English VI reminds us that today is Washington's birthday. English II should have done it, considering the date.
23. Dot Dodge had a record made of her "Prelude," and played before the assembly for morning exercises.
24. Big Pep meeting.
Charles Coyer, Scottie, and "K" Lawrence receive sweaters. Mariann has a nice sweater to wear now.
27. Emily Marine entertains a canine friend who is forced out because of respect to Glenn.
28. Rev. Burns speaks to us about the spiritual side of life.

MARCH

1. Instructions about the tourney. Juniors way ahead with the sale of tickets.
2. Ted Bulock's first day in school and made to play in the orchestra. Orchestra made a big hit.
3. Valpo wins from Hammond and Lowell.
4. Whiting takes the tourney.
6. Cards at 4:00, grief at 4:05. Social uprisings in the interior of the assembly.
7. John Spindler brings his breakfast to school with him and eats it for morning exercises.
8. Senior meeting at 4:00. Mr. Pauley states:
"You can and you can't
You will and you won't
You'll be damned if you do
You'll be damned if you don't."
9. Too much puppy love in high school. Boys carry evidence.
Brush off your coat man, brush off your coat.
10. Autumn B. is practicing dignity so she can act old and dignified in the Senior play.
13. Purdue jazz orchestra up in the old assembly this morning. Some jazz!
14. Sal Sherrick and Rookey Radkey trade shoes the last period.
15. English V gives us a program. The Declaration of Independence was signed, and then Miss Benney ran off with it at the end of the second act.
16. Phil Corboy sings us a solo upon request.

17. Ernie Lembke is a-wearin' of the green this maurnin'.
20. Wayne Zerber rides Gertrude Cavanaugh in a baby cab.
21. The bob hair epidemic is spreading rapidly. Eight new cases today.
22. Mr. Pauley says Paul Ellis isn't balanced.
23. Art Mains sings to us this morning. Very good Art.
24. English VIII classes all turn their hands to writing poetry. Soon you'll see long hair and flowing ties.
27. An inspector from the state was here today.
Mr. Ray takes charge of the science classes.
29. Mr. Jessee reads us the correct dancing rules.
Seniors select their announcements.
30. A modern minuet is given by the Lincoln Way School.
Senior Play is a great success.
31. March goes out like a lion.
End of second quarter.
Seniors have a party at Oldhams tomorrow.

APRIL

3. The editor of the Calendar has his office changed.
Dot Dodge changes her seat every time the lights go out.
4. Rachael Thatcher gets a letter, the result being that all the girls in high school gets to read it.
5. English VIII performs. So nice of the boys to tell us stories.
6. Mr. Crocker mistakes our Chemistry Lab. for the kindergarten.
7. Seniors give another matinee dance.
Mr. Pauley bawls out the Chemistry class for playing in the kindergarten when they should be writing up their notebooks.
10. The lights go on a strike. "Twinkle, twinkle, electric light, How can we study when it's dark as night?"
11. Mr. Green from the Methodist church sings. Rev. Carpenter invites the high school to church Friday.
12. The Civics class visits the County Farm. Refreshments served.
13. Skinnie Watt plays tag with Miss McIntyre.
Mildred Kull dyes her hair.
14. The Juniors announce that they will have a play.
17. Every class is out for baseball. Mr. Pauley throws a ball over the school.
18. English VIII gives "Miles Standish" before the assembly.
Russ Nixon is the beauteous John Alden.
19. Mrs. McIntyre gives a private lecture to the girls. All about setting up exercises, etc.
20. The Chemistry class visits the Gary Steel Mills. No girls allowed.

MAY

5. Jr.-Sr. Prom.
11. Junior Play, "Count Cassimir."
21. Baccalaureate.
25. Commencement.
27. Reception.
30. Alumni Banquet.

Alumni

Every fifth year an accurate account of the whereabouts of all Alumni is published in the Valenian. This year, however, we have recorded only the deaths and marriages:

DEATHS

Mamie Marsh, '84.
Earl Sherwood, '17.

MARRIAGES

Killie Shedd, '98, to C. J. Hedgecock.
Dorothy Williams, '21, to H. F. Carr.
Mary Winhart, '16, to Norman Harris.
Frances Powers, '16, to Wyman R. Green.
Herman Marquardt, '16, to Florence LaMeille.
Forest Jones, '17, to Lillian Eick.
Rollo Poole, '15, to Blanche Rectenwall, '14.
Lytle Bradley, '14, to Irma Ellis.
Neil Arvin, '06, to Marguerite Mullere-Robert.
Adeline Amstutz, '12, to O. C. Holloran.
Wayne Lewis, '97, to Tince Dixon.
Lilah Hineline, '15, to Roy Linderman.
Ray Lawrence, '05, to Gladys Clark.
Irene Thompson, '18, to Bert Tobin.
Edna Griebel, '17, to Otto Roth.
Vera Cole, '18, to Charles Campbell.
Mariola Cornell, '11, to Lawrence McLean.
Joe Horn, '16, to Irene Ruge.
Gretchen Specht, '19, to W. L. Houran.
Ruth Evans, '11, to H. P. Haynes.
Helen Neet, '13, to D. H. Kendall.
Dorothy Lembke, '16, to Edward Day.
Bernard Hershman, '19, to Nettie Ferguson.
Florence Atwell, '18, to Paul LaCount, '17.

The following eight members of the Class of '22 are children of former graduates:

Autumn Bartholomew, daughter of Joe Bartholomew, '97.
Edward Billings, son of Kate E. Gregory, '91.
Frederick Christy, son of Minnie Beach, '91.
Catherine Darst, daughter of Martha Kellogg, '84.
Dorothy Dodge, daughter of Martha McLellan, '94.
Annette Ketchum, daughter of Ella Finney, '91.
Loring LePell, son of John O. LePell, '92.
Russell Nixon, son of Mabel McConahy, '98.

Last year thirty-eight were added to our Alumni. Of these the following are teaching school:

Valeria Alt.

Marjorie Cole.

Mabel Collins.

Harold Wood.

Those attending Valparaiso University are:

Dorothy Bartholomew.

Anna Borysko.

Susan De Vroe.

Richard Fabing.

Bessie Long.

Bartlette Marimon.

Gillett Bowman.

Charles Scott.

Those attending school elsewhere are:

Ruth Blachly, Indiana.

Stephen Corboy, Notre Dame.

Warren Dee, DePauw.

Bernard Finnegan, Notre Dame.

Eva Keene, Franklin.

Thomas Marimon, Purdue.

Thomas Morony, Wisconsin.

Laura Neet, Indiana.

Corallene Perkins, DePauw.

Otis Sanford, DePauw.

Joseph Borysko, Chicago.

The following are at home:

Harry Atwell.

Harry Deu.

Harriet Erickson.

Helen Greene.

George Johnson.

Mildred Jordan.

Muriel Rosenberger.

Edith Small.

Phyllis Stinchfield.

Florence Williams.

Of the remainder:

Edna Grace Zemer is in Oak Park.

Roger Wilson is playing with Eddie Hawkin's Orchestra, Gary.

George Hauff is with the Chautauqua Desk Co., Toronto, Canada.

Dorothy Williams is married.

Interesting Experiences of Recent Graduates

Some of those who have graduated from V. H. S. during the last few years are having such interesting experiences that we have asked them to tell us about them, thinking that they would not only interest all readers of the Valenian but might kindle our ambition.

Dear Members of the Student Body of V. H. S.:

It gives me pleasure to tell you something about my work as a Food Demonstrator in California. Before I relate some of my experiences in this capacity, I wish to make a few introductory explanations.

Some of you might inquire, "How did you become interested in demonstrating; that is a kind of work which never occurred to me." Briefly this is the story:

When I attended V. H. S., I became interested in Domestic Science as presented by Miss Bartholomew in a thoroughly scientific manner. Upon her return from the Food Exhibit in Chicago, she exclaimed to our class, "Girls, if I were starting out as you are, I should consider nothing but becoming a Food Demonstrator. The work is pleasant, you come in contact with the public, while at the same time it requires little preparation and pays very well." Miss Bartholomew expressed these remarks with so much enthusiasm that her words have been ringing in my ears for about three years.

I am working my way through college for an A. B. degree. I spent last year in the University of California and planned to work during the summer to prepare for the coming school year. I succeeded in getting three recommendations which admitted me to Yosemite National Park to work for the summer. Incidentally this was an exceptional opportunity to see, and learn to appreciate the natural beauties of California's most beautiful mountain pines, unique rock formations, and majestic waterfalls (the Yosemite Falls being the highest waterfalls in the world), besides seeing the awe inspiring Sequoia Redwood Trees. Such a combination of marvelous beauty overwhelms the human soul with an intoxication of joy incapable of verbal expression!

Upon my return from Yosemite to Berkley in August, I read in the newspaper an advertisement for a Food Demonstrator. The underlying interest I entertained during the time intervening my studies in Domestic Science and the present, lead me to investigate the ad to ascertain the opportunities it held forth. When I introduced myself to the advertising manager, I learned that the cardinal qualifications were, a high school education, a willingness to travel, good address, an attractive appearance, and a pleasing personality. Over four hundred persons had responded to the advertisement. Three young ladies had been selected and I became the fourth person to complete the group. Each of us signed contracts in which we pledged ourselves to travel in Nevada, Utah, Arizona and California.

Four demonstrators constitute a group which travels to all the principal towns lying within a territory. Each demonstrator is given a grocery store in which she spends from three to six days. We do not demonstrate food products by cooking. We base the success of each demonstration upon the number of packages of cereals or flour placed in the homes.

Some of the advantages of demonstrating are: That it affords an easy opportunity for extensive travel; it gives a valuable business experience, and it is remunerative. During the past four months, I have seen the largest chicken-raising farms in the world; I have been conducted through the large lumbering mills of the redwood region surrounding Fort Bragg on the coast; I have seen the oldest town in California called Sonoma, established by General Vallejo in the early 'forties.' Even today a few fragments of the original adobe walls of the general's homestead and the Spanish mission remain still to be seen. Besides these points of special interest I have enjoyed the mountain scenery as well as seeing the vast expanse of valley covered with vineyards, hop fields, and fruit ranches. At Callistoga, famous for its natural hot-mud baths, I watched the hot sulphur geysers spout two-hundred feet into the air. Shortly after, I visited the state capital at Sacramento where one may see innumerable varieties of palm trees: the date palm, tall fan leaf palm and the Japanese palm. Besides these trees there are magnolia and orange trees which load the air with a delightful fragrance; lemon and grapefruit trees, century plants, rose trees, hawthorne, laurel, chestnut, and rare specimens of pines and Japanese shrubbery. From Sacramento, we went to Grass Valley where several large gold mines are operating, and to Nevada City which once was a center for placer mining in the days of the "forty-niners." At Grass Valley we obtained a permit to visit the surface structure of the large Empire Gold Mine. We watched the ore come up out of the shaft in long narrow electric cars and were told all about the refining process from the time the ore is crushed, until the gold dust is separated and made into bricks for shipment to the United States' mint in San Francisco.

I have not explained the technical details of demonstrating because these details vary among representative companies. If any members of the graduating class should be interested in this work, allow me to advise that you do not consider demonstrating as a life work. It is comparatively simple both in its qualifications and remunerations. Its proper place in the business world should serve merely as experience to the beginner in the professional world.

This is an age in which every human being should prepare himself with a substantial education for competition in the business or professional world. Acquire sound learning as a substantial foundation in high school; a liberal preparation in college; and a specialized training in some university of recognized standing. Such a training should lead to a happy success providing the individual exerts his mental faculties earnestly without ceasing until his life's purpose has been accomplished.

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED SEYMOUR.

Dear V. H. S.:

A clatter of wooden shoes crossing the snowy court announces the dismissal of the class in pedagogy, and by a strange association of ideas suggests the flapping galoshes of the American school-girl, which in turn reminds me that I owe a letter to the "Valenian." In imagination I follow the clicking sabots down the walk to the "pavillon scolaire," familiarly terms the "p. s.," where their owners stow them in numbered cubby-holes and climb the polished stairs to the literature room. There thirty feminine voices are raised in excited conversation until a discreet "sh-h" gives warning of the approach of Mlle. Juveneton, affectionately styled "Jujube." By the time the latter reaches the door the class is standing in respectful silence, which is broken by her laconic invitation, "Sit down, Mesdemoiselles." Six of the quiet group shiver with apprehension until the professor, having opened her portfolio, donned her spectacles, and scanned her class register, again breaks the silence with "Mlle.—, you have prepared today, I believe?" Whereupon the appointed victim casts one despairing glance heavenward, opens her notebook, and proceeds to read her effort on "The Importance of the Chorus in 'The Persians,'" or "What is a Moralist?"

This school is owned by the state, and free to the students, who are selected by competitive examinations. Each girl takes care of her own room and does her share to keep the dormitory in order. The day's activity begins at 6:15; the girls arise, run to the hot shower, dress hastily, and perform their morning housework, which consists of hanging the bedding out of the window, sweeping and polishing the waxed floors, shaking the rugs, and putting the tables in order. This is the only period of the day when a visitor would suspect the presence of a hundred and thirty girls in the neighborhood; voices call from window to window, brooms are beaten noisily against the stone walls, shrieks of laughter and bursts of song bespeak light hearts and cheerful labor. At seventy-thirty when the breakfast bell rings, the dormitory is spotless, and ready for inspection. of the halls, spying out hidden provisions and tearing up carelessly made beds. Breakfast consists of a bowl of coffee and bread without butter. During the next two hours the girls attend classes, while the "economy" makes a pitiless inspection of the halls, spying out hidden provisions and tearing up carelessly made beds. At ten-thirty each girl returns to her own dormitory for the "gouter," a slice of bread, to which she is permitted to add a cake of chocolate; the fact that everything else is taboo does not prevent the appearance of sausage, jelly and fruit at this lunch. Another class period ensues before the eleven-thirty lunch. The next hour is consecrated to the "promenade." On this walk the girls go in a body, accompanied by a teacher who sees that they are properly clothed in their uniform black coats, hats, and gloves; that they walk sedately, talk quietly, and do not attract attention in the street. The promenade is usually through the forest or on a country road where few pedestrians are encountered. Classes proceed without interruption until the 4:30 "gouter." From five to seven the girls study, each in her room; a teacher passes quietly from room to room to see that all are

working diligently,—and woe to the girl who is found with a novel in her hands! After dinner the three classes esemble in the recreation hall for a half hour of dancing. At nine o'clock lights are out, and the school is ostensibly asleep.

So the days pass at St. Germain. For me the monotony is broken by three weekly trips to the University of Paris. I have many friends among my classmates and am enjoying every moment of my stay in France. I wish that everyone of you might share my experiences; failing that, that you may have others as pleasant.

Sincerely,

MARGERY ELLIS.

Dear Members of the Class of 1922:

The average high school graduate after surviving the terrors of commencement and rigors of the junior reception, goes home ready to be convinced that his good times are over and nothing remains but to face the cold world, of which he has heard much and knows little. But one more wise tells him that he stands merely at the threshold.

The question, "What shall I do?" confronts the youth who is to begin immediately earning his livelihood, and for him who enters college the matter is merely postponed four years. Much has been said and written of square pegs in round holes, of misfits and might-have-beens, and it has all served its purpose. It is not necessary for a person to have nourished one ambition and to have worked always toward one goal. Many a young man, a week before he leaves college, is utterly at sea regarding the career he is to choose.

Few are unable to comprehend the fascination of journalism, of keeping one's finger on the pulse of the world. Complete understanding of the thrill accompanying a story, which one has written or edited well, is only for those who have experienced it.

When one considers that a single copy of a daily newspaper in a large city contains from eighty to ninety thousand words, exclusive of advertising, or as many words as the average novel, he can understand the speed, accuracy and skill necessary for the compilation of interestingly written facts. A newspaper is made and printed in from one to ten editions, within twenty-four hours and sometimes much less. It takes the novelist months to produce his work and his publishers months to print it.

For this reason no other profession demands as thorough a general knowledge of other professions and occupations as does journalism. The editor receives a telegram skeletonized, dealing with intricate court procedure and within a few moments he must shape it into a lucid account. Perhaps the next story has to do with medicine, legislative procedure, astronomy, religion, anything, and his working knowledge of them all must be sufficient to enable him to make the reader easily comprehend what took place.

News has been defined as "anything that interests a number of people; and the best news is that which has the greatest interest for the greatest number."

The mystery to the uninitiated is how the reporters and editors seem to find out everything that happens. A common belief is that the news gatherer walks about the streets waiting for something to happen. News gathering on a metropolitan paper is a highly organized system, with certain reporters detailed to get certain kinds of news, and with a network of correspondents over the country.

The Indianapolis News has one of the most highly developed departments in the United States for the reporting of happenings in the state. About two hundred and twenty-five correspondents in Indiana are in almost daily touch with the News, sending their stories by mail, telegraph, or telephone. Seldom anything of importance anywhere in the state fails to reach the pages of the News.

The sources by which the editors and their reporters keep in touch with current happenings are many, some of them being: police headquarters, criminal and civil courts, coroner's office, county jail, undertaking establishments, hospitals, recorder of deeds, city clerk, board of public works, hotels and so forth. These places are visited regularly and constitute what the reporter calls his "run," or "beat."

Newspaper work may, if so desired, be used as a means for entering other fields. Advertising, publicity work, novel or short story writing and special magazine correspondence offer opportunities for well trained newspaper men.

May all of you choose work both remunerative and congenial, and may old V. H. S. always be the best of high schools in the memories of those who pass from its halls to return no more as pupils.

ALLEN L. DALRYMPLE.

* * *

Dear Readers of the Valenian:

"Over the hills and far away" lies the lake—Crystal lake. And along the north shore stretching in unending line, rise rugged hills, cragged and gullied by wind and storm, and capped by towering pines and hemlocks which stand out against the sky like ancient sentinels. Even now I can smell the balsam fragrance of those northern forests, and I long to go back! Crowning the summit of old Benzie hill herself, is Camp Osoha—"osoha" which means "tall pine."

Last June, at the close of a long school year, I turned my face northward, and caught the scent of the wilderness trail. A rather civilized trail, perhaps, but far, far from the grating sound of machine and clanging city noise! Only the deep boom of the fog horns off the Manitou islands in Lake Michigan reached us. It was here after a days journey through regions once swept by forest fire, that I found myself, at last, on the shore of the clearest, bluest, coolest lake I had ever seen.

And it was here, in a girls' camp, that I was to be the Arts and Crafts councillor. I had previously been recommended by a college friend and since I had had enough work in the university to be considered a college girl, I received the appointment. My work began immediately upon my arrival, for after a confer-

ence with the director, I had to welcome the girls who were arriving—bag and baggage—from all parts of Michigan, Ohio and Illinois. And what is more, I had to remember their names right from the start. But even khaki middays and bloomers (the camp uniform) did not disguise the smiles, the laughter and the happy voices which individualized the girls and made them all my friends and comrades, from the youngest who was eight to the oldest who was nineteen.

As councillor in arts and crafts, I found my position fascinating, not only because of the work itself, but also because of the interest which the girls took in it. We began by making pillows filled with fragrant balsam and stenciled with pine-cone designs in rustic colors. This was followed by birch-bark work—the making of boxes (Indian fashion) for powder, handkerchiefs, candy, etc. We also made all our dance programs of the same material. After that we began reed and raffia basketry and followed this with baskets made from the long, scented needles of the Norway pine. We had occasional trips in the early morning for water-color sketching, and special nature lore.



How I wish I could tell you all about the over-night hikes and the romance of sleeping out under the stars with the music of the waves lapping the sandy shore to lull us to sleep; and then of the delicious breakfasts we cooked over our own fires the next morning; or about the exploring hikes, in tangled jungles, so thick that we had to chop our way through; and then of the wonderful vistas which lay before us as we stood on the top of one of the rough-hewn, towering hills—where we could see seven lakes all at once, including Lake Michigan, stretching along the horizon. There was horse-back riding, too, and swimming, athletics, canoeing, esthetic dancing, first aid, and nearly everything a girl ever wanted to do!

Assuredly with camp-life, in the wilderness places which are still unravaged by commercial boom, one finds health and happiness; comradeship and service; and highest inspiration in the Spirit of the Great Out-of-Doors!

ROSEMARY LAWRENCE.



The other day I heard that Bob Winslow, whom most of us thought to be quietly pursuing the course of dentistry at the University of Michigan, was gaining a great deal of notoriety because of his excellent musical ability. I began to investigate and found this cut in the February number of the Fashion Art Magazine. In the Indianapolis News we find that "Robert M. Winslow of Valparaiso has been cast for no less than four different 'girl' roles, and will appear in a series of elaborate costumes, and as the head of a group of dancers, all of whom were chosen after a number of tryouts in which many students competed." "Make It For Two," the musical comedy presented by the Mines of the University of Michigan Union in which Bob (our "Alvin Berry") took such a prominent part, was played in Grand Rapids, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Lima, Detroit, Pontiac, Port Huron, Bay City, Flint, and Saginaw.

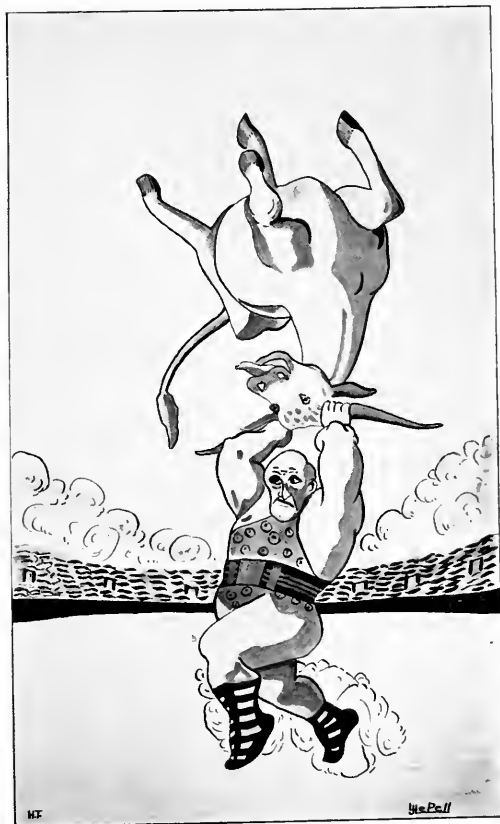
* * *

THE WEATHER

This weather is the strangest thing
That I ever did see;
Spring days sometimes the sun does bring,
And the next how cold 'twill be.
Some days the birds burst forth in song,
And the south winds gently blow.
But I know it cannot last for long,
'Cause it already looks like snow.
But this I do not mind or care,
As I do a rainy day,
'Cause you see I've got what's called bobbed-hair,
And it's then the curl won't stay.

RUTH MONTGOMERY.





Burlesque

Foreword

It is with deep blushing that we admit this little section will speak for itself. Yet we deem it necessary to say a few words about it and its aims. Primarily we wish to call attention to the many who would otherwise be mistaken, that these jokes are not all original.

The object of this section is not merely to abuse and mis-picture our graduates, not merely to record deeds undone, not merely a souvenir of dizzy days and foolish frolics. It is more to teach a great lesson. And it, along with the fate of its author, will be forever a reminder of the folly of writing jokes for a high school annual.



The Wit Staff*

Dedication

This section is sacredly dedicated to all the standing jokes about school, to "Fillup" Corboy, to the person who put the large paper engraved with the word "Stung" in the Joke Box and to this group of school wits (or school half wits).

*NOTE: The Wit Staff is composed of volunteers from a larger group of wits (or half wits) selected by the Burlesque Editor in recognition of having pulled at least three rich ones. Among other members of this larger group are Mariann Albright, Thomas Sergeant, Miss Benny and Merle Dowdell. Only the most hardened wits are accepted on the Staff proper whose duty it is to open the Joke Box and who went through this pain and death-defying ordeal bravely and unfalteringly. If any of the Jokes here are too deep for those having a stunted sense of humor, the Editor requests that anyone wishing explanation to any of the more subtle spasms interview one of these three persons as he himself will be leaving town immediately after the circulation of The Valenian, 1922.

Faculty

WE ARE BLESSED

We admit that because of its small enrollment, our school cannot expect to compete with other schools in compiling printable jokes. We admit that this section is not what it might be but we do have our Faculty.

FACULTY MOTTO: "They shall not pass."

TO HAZEL LIFE

When Hazel gets married
"Twill be the end of her "Life"
But I assure the keen suitor
He'll not have a dead wife.

Faculty (Stale)

Miss Mak'emtired: Everything I tell that boy goes in one ear and out the other.

Mr. Jazzey: You're wrong: sound can't cross a vacuum.

* * *

Miss Sieb: Have you seen this month's Whizzbang? It's rich.

Miss Ashton: No, all I've been able to catch this month is two copies of "Fun" and "Hot Dog."

* * *

Announcement from platform: "Miss Sieb is back and her classes will run."

* * *

Prof. Jessee: I've got it and don't want it, yet I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it.

Miss Welty: What is it?

Prof. Jessee: My bald head.

Mr. Schenck: Speaking of Einstein make-me think—

C. O. P.: Really, isn't it wonderful what science will do?

* * *

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher.

None of the children seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher.

Then a hand popped up and the small boy remarked, "An orphan is a woman who would like to be married but nobody will have her."

* * *

Miss Stanford: Up at our boarding house there are two children. The boy is the living photograph of his father, and the girl is the very phonograph of her mother.

Seniors (Bottomless)

She: Now tell me the truth. Do you men like the talkative women as well as you do the other kind?

He: What other kind.

* * *

Cecil Rathman: Lend me a buck.

Pete LePell: It's impossible to lend you money, old man. You seem to look upon it as a gift.

* * *

Thelma R.: Somewhere there is a woman waiting for every man.

Alvy Spooner: I know where there's one waiting for me. I didn't hand in my note book yesterday.

* * *

"I ought to get a kick out of this," quoth the farmer lad as he jabbed the mule with a pitchfork.

* * *

Lecturer: My stereopticon views would be much clearer if the room was darker.

"Simple" Simon gets out his smoked glasses.

* * *

Rave on, merry men and tell me your choice, And describe the fair damsel you'll woo.

But according to history you'll marry the girl Who decides that she'll marry you.

—HOWARD OLDHAM.



"I don't like girls that bob their hair, use rouge or powder, wear short skirts or roll their socks."

"I haven't got a girl, either."

* * *

It may be puppy love but it's awful nice.

* * *

At that we believe the worst case of puppy love in V. H. S. is Nuisy McGill and "Gripson." (The cur).

* * *

Randall S.: I've decided not to go to college.

Dek Lawrance: Aw, come on! There are other people to work besides Edison.

Underclassmen Juniors (Deep)

Herb.: I hear there are two classes claiming Jenks.

Dick: Must be a popular boy.

Herb.: The Juniors claim he is a Senior and the Seniors claim he is a Junior.

* * *

"Who is the belle tonight?" asked she.

As they stood on the ball-room floor.

He looked around the room to see,

And she speaks to him no more.

* * *

Alice: What are you going to wear to the prom?

Timmy: I have decided on nothing.

* * *

Italian fruit vendor: Twenty cents a doz.

Bystander (full of home brew): Twenty cents he doesn't.

* * *

No matter how much you love her it's best to stop dancing when the music ceases.

"Jack says he just loves to play with my hair."

"Why don't you let him take it home with you sometime?"

* * *

Some young men fall in love—some go crazy from other causes. Especially in the spring does a young man's fancy not fancy work but when the usually non-poetical Pete LePell presented this one, we wonder what happened. We're worried about him:

THE OLD BROWN BOTTLE

I

Here's to the old brown bottle

That sits on the shelf.

And to a certain tune will toddle,

There all by itself.

II

Long before the Prohibition Laws

This old bottle shook with spice

For it was filled with old Tobasco Sauce

That was poured into the oyster's eyes.

—LORING JOSEPH LEPELL.

Sophomores *Shallow*

Contributor: What did you think of my last joke?

Editor: I am glad to hear you call it your last.

* * *

He: I could dance on like this forever.
She: Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it.
You're bound to improve.

* * *

Ken, Turner: I hit a guy in the nose yesterday and you should have seen him run.

Earl Bernhart: That so?

Ken: Yes, but he couldn't catch me.

* * *

A woodpecker sat on a sophomore's head,
And settled down to drill.
He drilled away for an hour or so,
And then he broke his bill.

* * *

Ralph: My father weighed only four pounds at birth.

Ethel: My heavens! Did he live?

* * *

Amo, amas, I loved a lass,

And she was tall and slender.

Amas, amat, she dropped me flat,

I'm through with the feminine gender.

First Soph: Don't you think my new bone rimmed glasses improve my looks?

Second Soph: Yes, I can't see so much of your face.

* * *

"I swallowed two quarters and a dime last night."

"I was noticing the change in you."

* * *

Prof.: Hello, Fred; how are you?

Fred LePell: I'll bite; how am I?

* * *

WE WONDER WHY

Such attachment I have never seen,

Where you see one you see the other

Nothing will 'ere come between

Maragret Timmons and her mother!

* * *

Prof. Jesse says the way to cure spring fever is not to sit around wishing you were outside or stand around outside wishing it would never come time to go in. Just get out and run a block; that will kill it, and then come in and buckle right down. I have a better plan: Get one block from school, wait two minutes after one, then tear!

Bright Sayings of the Freshmen (*Surface*)

1923: What do the Freshmen do with their week-ends?

1922: Put their cap on 'em.

* * *

C. O. P.: Describe water, James.

Jim Nixon: Water is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it.

* * *

Johnny: Mama, there's a man in the hall kissin' the maid.

Mamma: My goodness.

Johnny: April fool. It's only papa.

* * *

If the freshman in the back row will kindly remove his hat I will continue and point out a concrete example.

* * *

Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?

I don't know son; I never knew your father's people.

Miss Ashton: This paper is ruled on only one side so write on only one side.

Jerome Kenny: Which side?

* * *

Mrs. E.: I hear your son is very much inclined to study.

Mrs. Z: Yes, he's inclined so far that he slid to the bottom of his class.

* * *

Miss Ashton: Take this sentence: Let the cow be taken out of the lot.—What mood?

Mox Ruge: The cow.

* * *

"Elsie, why are you shouting in that horrible fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?"

"He's got to be quiet the way we're playin'. He's papa coming home late and I'm you."

Athletics



Our Grunt Leaders



To His Girl

FOOTBALL

Having won one game in two years, the outlook is decidedly hopeful. Our Captain's favorite remark, "We've been beaten by better team than yours!"



To His Opponent

TRACK

Track this year was developed in various directions. The south yard was so muddy that the lower halls were all tracks. There were so many 8:30 A. M. chapel sessions that all track of attendance was lost. John Lytle lost a new league ball on the street car track. All tracks of the Editor leaving town have been camouflaged.

THE TOURNAMENT

SHADES OF THE CRUSADES



The terrible mix-up of Ivanhoe, Rowena, Rebecca, Athelstane and Wamba at the tournament of Scott's Ivanhoe had nothing on the 1922 sectional tourney. After the long hazardous trip through the wilderness of dashing automobiles we reached the lists which were romantically located on the verge of a little wood on the edge of town. I unbuckled my lady's galoshes and put all our things in the "Chuck Room" in hope that a good exchange might be realized. We were lucky enough to get seats in the galleries which were filled with fair ladies and their "attendants." Already the knights and their pages had begun to arrive and some were in full battle array. Isaac, the Jew, was trying to sell his season ticket for \$1.60, arguing that it had been broken in and was better than new. In the second melee of the morning there appeared a knight attired unlike his comrades, who wore the Green and White. Because of his spectacular prowess and odd armour he became known generally as the "Black Knight." However, we soon became so interested that we lost the power and desire to see in our modern tournaments the many similarities to the famous jousts of old, and settled down to good plain basketball.

A FEW TURNS OF THE TOURNAMENT

Some of the yelling wasn't quite so good owing to the inability of Frosh to spell, and yells with lines like t-e-a-m were rank failures.

About the most noticeable turn was the overturning of the dope bucket, which was so completely wrecked that Gambler Dowdell said he would never again trust his roll in it.

* * *

He: Watching this tournament I can picture the old days of chivalry with the gallant knights and fair ladies. I wish I had lived in those days—

She: Oh! No, you'd look terribly funny in Knightclothes.

TOURNAMENT SELECTIONS

Girl back of me: I want an Eskimo Pie.

Boy back of me: Yes, er, so do I—or I mean, there'll be some more around in a minute.

Girl with me: Do you think Valpo will beat Rensselaer?

I, (relieved to think my girl is more interested in athletics than pies): Sure, easy.

First Hebron teacher: I sure hope Valpo wins because Valpo beat Lowell, and Lowell beat Hebron. I'm for Valpo.

Second Hebron teacher: My! If Hebron was in a gym like this—or, I mean, if there was a gym like this in Hebron, wouldn't it be wonderful for our boys?

Girl back of me: I want an Eskimo Pie.

Girl with me: Valpo certainly has had good luck, hasn't she? I do hope she wins the game.

I, (again relieved and congratulating myself): She sure has had luck. Whiting beat Emerson and Rensselaer beat East Chicago. We'll win this game alright and we can easily beat Whiting in the finals.

First Hebron teacher: Isn't Scotty wonderful? I wish he went to Hebron High. I wonder if he could be the son of the Scott that used to live in Hebron? I'll bet he is! I'll bet he is! Ray, Scotty, Ray, Valpo.

Second Hebron teacher: I'll bet he is too. Sure he is. Ray, Sotty, Ray, Valpo!

Girl back of me: I want an Eskimo Pie.

Boy back of me: Alright. Hey! Two.

Girl with me: The game is called. Say, Russ, I want an Eskimo Pie.

I, (deceived): Hey! Two.

First Hebron teacher: Valpo sure is having bad luck.

Second Hebron teacher: She sure is.

Girl with me: Say, isn't that referee cheating for Rensselaer?

I: No, he is very impartial. The trouble is he is not close enough on either side. I wish he would call more fouls on both sides. Ernie's free throw average is way superior and with more strict refereeing we would be several points ahead.

Girl back of me: I want another Eskimo Pie.

I: Let's take seats nearer the center, we can see better.

* * *

WHAT IS IT?

It is a clever piece of workmanship, this, that I describe. It is a thing of beauty to the eyes, soft to the touch, loud as to sound that it brings forth, not very large, constructed with rare symmetry of design on artistic lines. For one who possesses imagination and far-seeing eyes it holds such a world of art and exquisite blending of color that he can gaze on it and discern the gray of the dawn or the deep blue waters of a mighty sea. It designates a future time, predicting an event which stands as a turning point in the lives of many, a date which marks their reward for years of hard won victories. It carries with it a rather jaunty appearance but a deeper understanding discloses a standard, signifying a noble spirit, splendid endeavor, and a noteworthy achievement.

NELLIE LOOMIS.

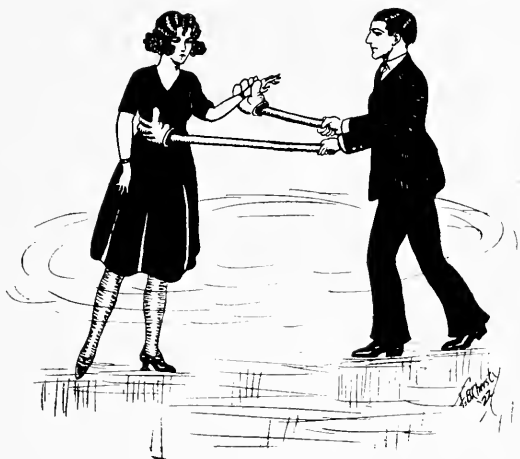
(Answer on Page 121)

Society

The height of V. H. S. frivolity was reached when members of the school board took up jazz. Mr. Harry Ball was seen coming from the Northwestern Indiana Telephone Building carrying two sacks o' phones.

THE PROM

The prom was a hug success.



MATINEE DANCES

He: May I have the next dance
by you?

She: No. I have the next one by
Horace.

I don't mind your dancing,
You can't help that.
But, great hat man,
I'm no acrobat.

Music



Drama

THE STAGE

The traditional class play this year was of exceptionally pleasing character. It told the gentle touching story of how a poor disabled soldier, Clarence, was befriended by the philanthropist, Mr. Wheeler. How he made his way into the hearts of the whole household, and then made away with the silverware and his benefactor's attractive young wife.

THE SCREEN

Valparaiso ranks high in the development of moving pictures. With great effort we secured some fine pictures of loaded moving vans and one or two really rare creations of the fast disappearing dray. But like most moving pictures they were censored. Owing to the inferior quality of coal burned somewhere in the neighborhood, we cannot move a picture here in high school without redecorating the walls. Randall Sheppard, Valenian snap-shooter, has been moving pictures all term, and on the morning Pete LePell forgot his lines we had a fine demonstration of the silent drama.



"It's My Liver"

Literature

This year the English department has bent all its efforts towards raising the standard of literature popularly read by high school students, and indirectly that read by parents and patrons. Popular literature is familiar literature. So if we would raise the standard of literature read we must make better literature popular by making it familiar. As an example of this truth: The only reason I ever read a Whizzbang is—all my girl friends take it.

In co-operation with this worthy movement we have established a literary section and herewith we present a few types of "better things to read."

The Opening of 1922 Joke Box

It was the fourth of April, nineteen hundred and twenty-two. After the ceremony in the chapel the procession moved slowly into the south hallway. The Wit Staff entered the Science Room and prepared for the sad occurrence.

Everything was in readiness. The room was decorated in black crepe and wreathes. The smelling salts and straight jackets were near at hand. The ambulance attendants waited gravely at the door. The joke-box and the mallet lay on the table.



Everyone left the room but the staff and joined the sad group of friends and relatives who hovered about the door. Some stood with floral offerings, some were prostrate, heaving low shaking sobs. Then after a final picture was snapped (it might be the last one) all indulged in a farewell handshake and the box was knocked asunder.

The Master began to read (the volunteers had all trained for a month and were sure they could stand anything, yet there was suspense and soon there was to be proof that suspense was not entirely out of place). The faces of all broadened into a grin as some of the jokes were filed and others put into the waste basket. In a few moments all were shaking with laughter, and soon all but the Master were hysterical and getting thirsty and ribsore. The people outside shuddered and trembled with each outstanding shriek and moan, and whenever an individual voice would be recognized some one would faint away.

Then there was a lull. The stretcher bearers rushed in to see who had fallen. Solemnly they reappeared bearing cautiously their burden. Autumn Lee Bartholomew and Alva Leonard Spooner had completely passed out. And what could be more pitiful than these two fine specimens of American youth stretched there unconscious with an uncanny expression of insane laughter on their twitching faces? Miss Bartholomew—Autumn's aunt, fainted dead away. (Alvy's parents had been kept in ignorance of their lad's noble offering and had not come to witness the sacrifice). Inside the Master was finishing up the last few jokes. Fred Christy was rolling under the table while two Red Cross nurses were administering liniment and trying in vain to apply a straight jacket.

The two who were rushed to the hospital were found to have been only slightly crazed and after being confined for two weeks, they recovered. But it was months before any one dare tell a joke in their presence and their reading had to be carefully guarded. And once when Miss Sieb cracked a smile it was feared Alvy might suffer a relapse.

Thus it is, gentle readers, that a Valenian Joke-box is opened, and so again we say what we did in the Dedication: Let this section be a monument to these noble Volunteers, "The 1922 Wit Staff."

A CLEAN DITTY

The waters lapped melodiously,
 Against the high white cliffs,
 Two ivory crafts dipped o'er the swells,
 Two dancing merry skiffs,
 Our hero's soul filled with the scene,
 He raised his voice in song,
 And o'er the enamel mountain tops
 His chant rose clear and strong,
 He sang of the woods, the dells, the fields,
 Of each beautiful plant and shrub,
 And as he sang, the neighbors knew
 That Jones was in the tub.

* * *

"Daddy, what do angles wear?"

"Oh, nothing much, son."

"Is that why you just called sister 'Angel'?"

* * *

Doctor: I'll examine you for two dollars.

Patient: Go ahead, Doc, and if you find it give me half.

* * *

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Christopher?"

"Well, I passed Algebra IV."

* * *

When I was a kid I thought it must have been some trick to get the roof up through the attic stairway.

* * *

Mary Ann: I am very fond of Kipling.

Chuck: I never kippled. Don't know what it's like.

* * *

Prof. Boucher: The problems this morning are a little complicated.

Tubby (in whisper): I notice he looks unusually happy this morning.

* * *

You ask me why I'm mad at Jack?

I guess you haven't heard—

He promised not to kiss me

And the poor boob kept his word.

* * *

"I'm quite a man of the whirled," said the he-flapper proudly as the belle of the ball taught him how to pivot.

"We had the real chaperone at our last party."

"Who's that?"

"Helen Keller."

* * *

"Do you think you could care for a chap like me?"

"I think so—if he wasn't too much like you."

* * *

Do you play on the piano?

Had to give it up. Fell off too many times.

* * *

Chaperone: Mary, hasn't that young man been here long enough?

Mary: No; he's awfully slow.

* * *

He: I had a dreadful nightmare last night.

She: I know it; I saw her.

* * *

It is with eee

I eat my ppp

I spread them on my bread.

I just look yyy

And close my iii

And shove them in my head.

* * *

What does the librarian mean when she says: "Only low conversation allowed?"

* * *

Editor: Ever read proof?

Frosh: No, who wrote it?

* * *

ANSWER TO "WHAT IS IT?"—OUR SENIOR CAPS

* * *

THE BLACKBOARD IN THE ASSEMBLY

It stands there yet, so black and grim,
Blank—its latest words have faded dim,
Sorrowfully mute till some bold hand
Shall give it a voice as large as a band.
What joys has it shouted loud?
What good news cried unto the crowd?
And what tragedies might one unfold
If one might read what its dustings hold?

RUSSELL NIXON.

Autographs

[illegible]

Autographs

[illegible]

Autographs

[illegible]



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